

BRITANNIA

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In London's Country: A scene in Hyde Park when the grey cold of winter gave place to the sunshine and warmth of spring.

LAST week-end the hounds of spring were in winter's traces—still checked a little but ready for the great release and the full stride. For spring had come; a warm sun broke through a white mist and worked the old but ever fresh miracle of change and new life.

All the old notes sounded, even in the cities, and the hopes which spring brings alike to the poetical and the prosaic revived in new strength—a world which had been cold, dark and inhospitable changed to one warm and bright with clear sunshine—a place altogether good to live in.

Those upon whose faces the cold

weather had cast grim looks of irritation changed in a trice and smiled once more upon their fellows. The sluggish blood was warmed and coursed again; the sweet changes that spring is believed to bring began to work new wonders in mind and heart.

The workers in the cities who could not travel to the far and fair distances which begin where the pavements end—enjoyed the sun in the parks and playgrounds with as much zest and perhaps as much benefit as if they had been in country. But those who left the city far behind received the full blessing of the first day of spring.

They came to a changed countryside. Although ice still lingered in slow-moving rivers and lonely ponds, winter had left the land. Under the sun the grey fields turned to brown, the trees seemed no longer blackened, and at a distance, under a sky of unclouded blue, the hedgerow showed a false green.

The lark took up his song from the meadow to the sky, and all the birds of spring gave voice to the sunshine. The ploughman moved the new earth, and whistled at his task.

The country had changed almost in a day to the fruitful life of the year.

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The TRUTH About "DORA"

By the Right Hon. the
Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I.



Sir William Joynson-Hicks ("Jix") subjected to much adverse criticism on account of "DORA" but Lord Birkenhead has a good word for him.

It is not the purpose of this article to canvass the wisdom or unwisdom of making "Dora" a dominant issue of discussion at the present moment. At the same time it seems to me that it is worth pointing out, in broad perspective, how grossly in error are some of the general misconceptions about this subject.

THE present agitation against the Home Secretary reminds me of an incident which came to my notice a few years ago. An outbreak of rabies had made it necessary for an Order to be issued that dogs in certain infected counties should not be removed into other areas not infected. An old lady of my acquaintance deliberately broke this rule, boasting that her sole reason for doing so was to uphold her right to do as she liked with her own. That by her action she might have spread the disease did not seem to her so important as upholding her ancient Whig creed of "personal liberty."

This same creed is now being appealed to by the opponents of Sir William Joynson-Hicks. Every day we are reminded in the press that he recently made the following remark in a speech:

I say quite frankly that you have got to realise that the old days of the right of every man to do as he likes with his own are a relic of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and will not work in the twentieth.

RESTRICTED PERSONAL LIBERTY.

WE are assured that these words have shocked the British people to the marrow; that they spell death to liberty; that they represent the foulest and most brutal bureaucratic tyranny.

Nothing could be more absurd. The Home Secretary's statement is true. Not for many generations has any responsible citizen believed that every man may do as he likes with his own. I may not, for example, allow my own sanitary arrangements to become a menace to the health of the community. I may not permit my own children to grow up without education. I may not drive my own motor car at full speed through a busy street. The whole of our lives is hedged round with such restrictions on personal liberty. If it were not, this would be a barbarous country, and life would not be worth living. The old Liberal philosophic creed is as dead as its political manifestation is moribund.

Apart from this incursion into political philosophy, the Home Secretary is being attacked in respect of the restrictive domestic regulations which are nicknamed with their ancestral title of "Dora." To be precise, it is the Shops (Hours of Closing) Bill, 1928, which is at the bottom of the controversy.

The history of this measure is simple. During the War various rules were made under the Defence of the Realm Act (D.O.R.A.) regulating shopping hours in order to economise light and coal. When the immediate urgency of such

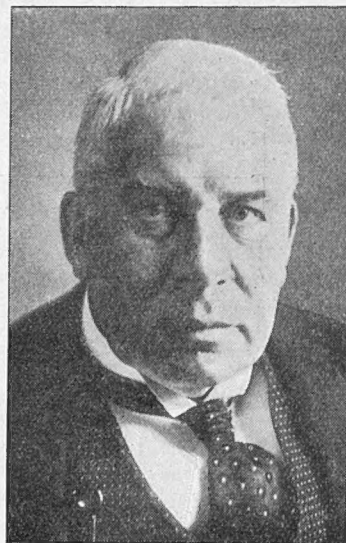
economy passed after the War, it was realised that one almost equally important effect of the measures had been greatly to improve the lot of a large but hitherto somewhat ill-used section of the community, the shop assistants. This was one of the principal reasons why the shop closing regulations were continued after the War from year to year.

Then Sir William Joynson-Hicks appointed a representative committee to elucidate the whole question, and on March 9th, 1928, Sir Park Goff introduced his Shops (Hours of Closing) Bill into the House of Commons. This Bill consisted of three main portions: first, establishing definite hours for closing shops throughout the country; secondly (clause 2), providing that "any shop may be kept open during the general closing hours if no person other than the owner of the shop is employed or engaged in or about the business of the shop during these hours;" and thirdly, abolishing certain obsolete restrictions.

It is this Bill, minus the second portion, which is now under discussion.

ANOMALIES OF THE ACT.

WE are told almost daily of the anomalies of the Act; as that, for example, while a tobacconist may not sell cigarettes over the counter after eight o'clock at night, there is nothing to prevent his affixing an automatic machine to his closed door, and cigarettes may be sold over the counter of a public house during licensed hours after the tobacconist's shop is closed. I understand, too, that under this Act I may not buy a



The Right Hon. Sir William Bull, M.P., one of "DORA'S" chief opponents in the House of Commons.

bloater after eight o'clock at a shop where fried fish is sold. I may not purchase a day-old pie after eight in a shop where cooked or partly cooked tripe is being sold. I may not buy cough drops at a general store after eight, though I can do so from a chemist. I may not buy a new-laid egg after eight, though I may buy a hard-boiled one. I may not buy a newspaper in a shop after eight, even though the shop is still open for the sale of sweets, and newspapers are on sale in the streets.

These restrictions certainly seem very ridiculous, but it would be equally ridiculous to suppose that there is no reasonable excuse for their existence. This lies, of course, in the fact that the Home Office has issued various regulations exempting certain articles from the strict operation of the Act. There are, for example, articles of food so perishable that to forbid their sale after eight would be equivalent to destroying them.

As with all attempts to determine degrees, the authorities must, I presume, have found considerable difficulty in deciding just where to draw the line between various classes of foodstuffs in the matter of perishability.

Other considerations, too, have entered, as is shown by the concession as regards sweets. It may be well to point out that the anomalies of the Act are due chiefly to the concessions which have been made. They are bound to occur under almost any system of compulsory closure; and since, as every comedian knows, a reference to such domestic articles as tripe and fried fish invariably provokes mirth in a popular audience, we are not likely to be spared their constant citation.

On the other hand, cases are being pilloried in the newspapers where a small shopkeeper is fined for selling a pennyworth of birdseed after hours. We are told that this is an instance of brutal official tyranny. It is nothing of the kind. The principle involved is exactly the same whether the offender sells a packet of birdseed or a motor car; the servant girl's excuse for her love-child, that it was only a little one, is not accepted in law.

PARLIAMENT'S RESPONSIBILITY.

BUT why, one may reasonably ask, should not a man sell birdseed and motor cars after eight p.m.? Sir William Joynson-Hicks is being abused as if he, and he alone, was responsible for the present regulations. Yet he can reply with perfect justice: "Parliament passed these regulations; all parties accepted them, and indeed there was not even a division on the third reading of the Bill; it is my duty as Home Secretary to enforce them."

In one respect, however—and this, oddly enough, is the only thing the Press has overlooked—Sir William is truly, if indirectly, responsible for some of the more absurd workings of "Dora." I have already quoted the second clause of Sir Park Goff's Bill as he presented it to the House of Commons. Practically the whole debate on the Bill turned on this clause, and, refreshing my

memory of the discussion, I find some interesting facts.

Sir Park Goff made a special plea for the clause. He drew a careful distinction between the shop assistants, whose working hours were by universal consent to be restricted by the closure regulation, and the proprietor of the one-man business who, by

emphatic in his attempts to enforce all the rigours of compulsory closure.

"A BILL OF EXEMPTIONS."

THE Bill proposed that theatres and cinemas should have the right to sell tobacco, matches, chocolates, mineral waters and ice cream to their audiences.

"Is it really such a serious hardship," asked Mr. Taylor, "to deny people in the theatre an opportunity of purchasing a packet of cigarettes or an ounce of tobacco or a cigar?"

Mr. Taylor was followed by another Labour Member, Miss Bondfield, who, with equal force, opposed the exemption proposals of clause 2. The Bill, she said, "is so shockingly reactionary because it is a Bill of exemptions."

And later Mr. March, another Labour Member, declared that the clause "will be strongly opposed by myself and I believe by all the Members on this side and many other Members who are desirous of not going back, but still want to go forward." The Labour Party, in short, with a certain measure of Liberal and Conservative support, was eager to make "Dora" stronger still. In one respect unfortunately it succeeded. Clause 2 was dropped.

This had been foreshadowed by the fact that Sir William Joynson-Hicks, receiving a deputation a few days before the debate, had announced his personal opposition to the clause. It is for this reason that he must be held in part responsible for the dissatisfaction in the country with the Act.

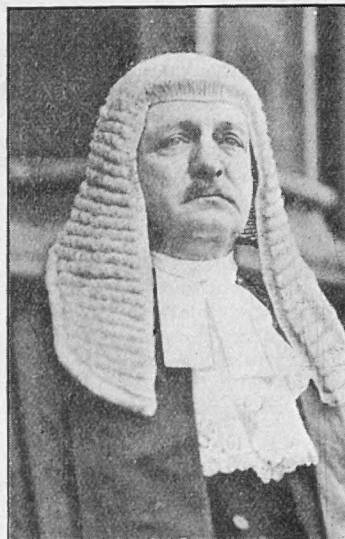
LABOUR MEMBERS' OPPOSITION.

THE arguments for the exemption of the one-man business from compulsory closing regulations are considerable. We have seen that Mr. Selfridge favoured it; and he wrote as the representative of the big shops. Opposition came doubtless from small shopkeepers, employing a few assistants, who had most to fear from the competition of the one-man businesses. I think, however, that I should be right in suggesting that the true reason for the Labour Party's opposition to the clause was twofold: first, pressure from the Co-operative Societies, whom they have always wooed; and secondly, their instinctive dislike and distrust of every individual who seeks to make an honest living for himself and his family by his individual endeavours.

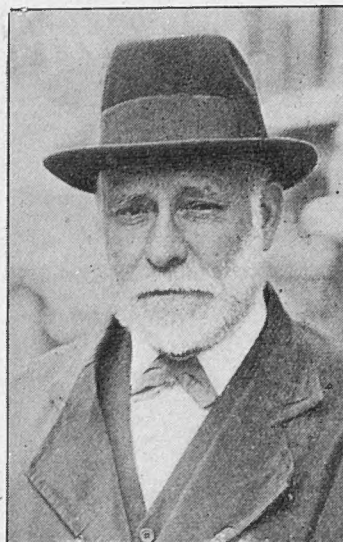
It cannot be denied that, had clause 2 been incorporated in the Act, most of the grievances which are at present alleged against "Dora" would disappear, and, what is more important, the one-man shop-keeper would be relieved from the very pressing anxiety to which he is to-day in so many cases subjected; and his very admirable

class would be given a fresh lease of prosperity.

But this is what the Labour Party, with its lust to abolish small shops in the interests of Co-operative bureaucracy, most wishes to prevent. The Labour Party is, and has always been, the true father of our present discontents with "Dora."



Sir Park Goff, K.C., M.P., who introduced the Shops (Hours of Closing) Bill into the House of Commons—the Bill which is now being so vigorously discussed.



Mr. Sam March, M.P., who with some other members of the Labour Party gave a strong blessing to "DORA" in the form of the Shops (Hours of Closing) Bill.

this clause, was to be exempted from compulsory closing.

Sir William Bull, seconding the motion, mentioned that Mr. Selfridge, who, as a representative of the multiple stores, might reasonably have been expected to oppose the exemption of one-man businesses, had in fact given his blessing to the clause.

Immediately Sir William Bull sat down, Mr. Taylor, a Labour Member and a member



Mr. R. A. Taylor, M.P., a member of the Shop Assistants' Union, who has always been emphatic in his attempts to enforce all the rigours of compulsory closure.



Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P., former Assistant Secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour in 1924.

of the Shop Assistants' Union, made a fierce attack on the clause. In the course of his argument he said, "The one-man shop-keeper is the man who appreciates, more perhaps than any other section affected by this legislation, the advantages of the position which was put into operation with the system of compulsion." Mr. Taylor was

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been expressing himself pretty freely and confidently of late on the prospects of a Liberal revival in the coming General Election. I must own to a certain reluctant scepticism in this matter. Theoretically, I can imagine electors by the million who are drawn to the Liberal Party as a welcome and logical half-way house between two sets of extremists. But, in practice, I find that most men and women who are not partisans by inheritance, or conviction, hesitate long before giving a vote which they feel will be thrown away.

Liberals will get in for some constituencies by the help of Conservative votes, and for others by the help of Socialist votes. This means that, if as a party they are called upon to choose between acting with the Conservatives or with the Socialists, they will find a clean-cut decision almost impossible.

Lord Beaverbrook's Power.

THE ex-Premier still stands very strongly by his opinion—he repeated it to me less than a week ago—that no party will have a clear majority. He may be right, but I doubt whether such a situation will open up quite as many opportunities for himself and his followers as he seems to think.

The man in the kingdom who will most enjoy it will be Lord Beaverbrook. In fact, I can almost see Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Lloyd George meeting on his door-step. As a man with a genius for the deals of politics, he will have the time of his life pulling wires, arranging combinations, negotiating understandings, and so helping to bring about the inevitable Conservative-Liberal coalition.

But I do not at present see any chance of a development on these lines that will leave the Liberal Party intact. It is bound to split whenever it leans too much to one side or the other. The assumption that Mr. Lloyd George can dispose of the Party as he thinks fit is one I am confident will be proved wrong.

An Influential M.P.

SIR WARDEN CHILCOTT, the latest Conservative M.P. to announce his intention to retire, will be much missed in the House, where his downright dynamic personality has repeatedly been a decided factor behind the scenes.

If I were asked to name the M.P. who did most to defeat the revised Prayer Book, and most to get the Tote Bill through

Committee, I should mention Sir Warden. He has the gift of obtaining results without fuss and publicity, a gift that Lord Birkenhead used more than once when he was at the India Office, and that Sir Austen Chamberlain as a very old friend has often availed himself of, especially in the way of arranging meetings with Mussolini and de Rivera on board Sir Warden's yacht.

As a young man, Sir Warden grounded himself in the practical problems of building, in the law of property, and in the business of estate agency, and, with these three qualifications at his finger ends, amassed a very considerable fortune. Part of it he devotes to chasing the wild boar in Corsica.



Sir Warden Chilcott, M.P., who is to retire from politics. Behind the scenes in the House of Commons he has exercised much influence.

Mr. Churchill and Oil.

IT is curious how frequently Mr. Churchill's path and that of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company seem to meet. Mr. Churchill was at the Admiralty when the Government's decision was taken to invest in the company's shares—financially, I suppose, much the most profitable speculation in which the British or any other Government has ever indulged. Then, a few years ago, when negotiations for the sale of the Government interest had not proceeded very far, Mr. Churchill, at that time neither in office nor in Parliament, was called in at a handsome fee to settle the actual terms of transfer. The negotiations were broken off on Mr. MacDonald's peremptory intervention, and Mr. Churchill returned his cheque.

Now, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is being badgered to explain and justify the 2½d. increase in the price of petrol, an increase participated in and possibly suggested by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, but one for which the Government, although the majority stock owners, disavow all responsibility.



Sir John Cadman, chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, who with Mr. F. E. Powell, Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Company, announced the new rise in the price of petrol.

Big Business in a Glass-house.

OF the heads of the oil industry in Great Britain, two, Sir John Cadman, the chairman of the Anglo-Persian, and Mr. F. E. Powell, his opposite number on the board of the Anglo-American, I have known for several years. Both are distinguished in their private and business lives by an unusual degree of tact. But tact has hardly been conspicuous in the way they announced the recent jump in petrol.

I remember Judge Gary, the President of the American Steel Trust, explaining how he had converted public opinion from hostility to friendliness. "We have done it," he said, "by taking pains to publish

the facts concerning our management, our conditions and our intentions."

There is a hint in this for Big Business in Great Britain. The oil companies have probably a strong case if they only will state it. If they conclude that secrecy and silence are the best policy, and that it is none of the public's business to know what they are doing, they will certainly suffer. The only real safety for Big Business nowadays is to live and work in a glass house.

"Al" Smith.

A FRIEND who is just back from America tells me that "Al" Smith, the defeated Democratic candidate, is still a figure of great public interest, and that the tales told of his campaign continue to multiply. One of the best concerns a conference at which "Al" and three of his chosen political cronies sat sadly down to review the whole election, and determine the causes of the disaster. Bill thought it was the Prohibition issue that was responsible. Jake considered that "this religious stunt" had more to do with it. Charley, appealed to for his opinion, declined a long while to give it for fear of hurting "Al's" feelings. At last he declared that in his judgment it was the women who had defeated "Al." "How d'ye make that out?" asked "Al." "Well," replied Charley, "they said you was illiterate." "It's a damned lie," shrieked "Al." "My mother and father were married three years before I was born."



Hermon Ould, who has written and translated several plays. His play "The Dance of Life," has been selected by Mr. Galsworthy for the "P.E.N." Club Matinée.

Pen Club Matinee.

A SPECIAL matinee to raise funds for the P.E.N. Club will be given at Wyndham's Theatre on April 12th. The President of the P.E.N. Club, Mr. John Galsworthy, has chosen for production Mr. Herman Ould's clever play *The Dance of Life*, which, although it has not yet been produced in the West End, has met with great success in Paris and America. Mr. Ould was for a period a most capable and energetic secretary of the P.E.N. Club, and very popular with the members. He still continues to help the Club, particularly in the useful work it does in entertaining foreign authors and putting them in touch with English writers.

After a hard struggle, Mr. Ould is now coming into his own as a dramatist of distinction, and it is a high tribute to his work that so discerning a critic as Mr. Galsworthy should have chosen *The Dance of Life* for presentation at the P.E.N. Club matinee.



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN AND THE "BLUES"

ALTHOUGH the Prime Minister prefers to spend his leisure hours among his pigs at his Worcestershire home, and does not take any active part in sport, he takes an enthusiastic interest in inter-*'Varsity* contests, with a natural bias towards his old University—Cambridge.

Last week he visited Putney, where he witnessed the Cambridge crew at work from their coach's launch, and is seen coming ashore at the conclusion of the outing.

Mr. Baldwin was not at a rowing school, having been educated at Harrow;

from there he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. He takes an especial interest in the boat race, an event which appeals to the sporting instincts of the entire nation, and has, in the past, viewed the contest from one of the following launches.

A Political Masquerade

By Julius Pleb

FOR thirty years I have regularly paid contributions to the funds of one of the biggest and most influential trade unions in the country, and unlike the majority of members I have taken a lively interest in the business of the union.

It came about in this way. Towards the end of my apprenticeship the journeymen in the shop—all trade unionists—urged me to join the union, placing before me the advantages which would thereby accrue. Those advantages were very definite. Unemployment, sickness, superannuation, funeral, accident and dispute benefits were provided. Members' tools were insured against fire and theft, and the union assisted members with legal advice. Members were continually in association with each other, thus becoming acquainted with the state of trade in the various shops, and with any vacancies that might be going. Many of these advantages, albeit to a lesser degree, still obtain.

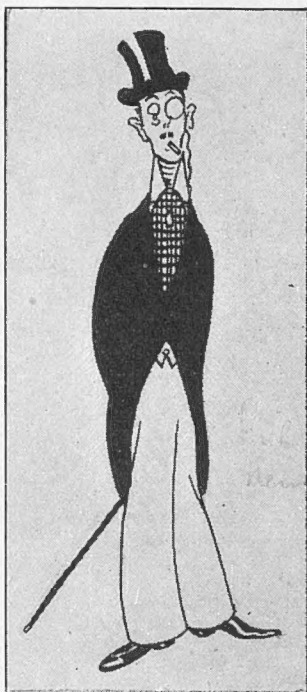
Moreover, the trade unions, by agreement with employers, fix the standard rate and conditions, and it is now generally agreed that collective bargaining between employers and the unions is far more beneficial to industry, and to the parties concerned, than the obsolete method of *laissez faire*. Indeed, the trade unions are safeguards against disruptive tactics of irresponsible people.

WHY I JOINED THE UNION.

THIRTY years ago political questions were strictly taboo in the union branches, and the older trade unionists would loudly declaim against any member who had the temerity to introduce politics into the business. But the "New Unionism" propaganda was rapidly spreading in the many suburban branches which had sprung up to meet the needs of growing membership, where politics were preached unashamed, and it was into one of these branches that I received my baptism of trade unionism.

Small wonder that, in such an environment, I became a supporter of the Labour Party. I must confess, however, that I have never taken kindly to politics being mixed up with union business. I hold the view that trade unions are essentially industrial organisations, and as such should

An increasing number of Trade Unionists are wondering whether the true interests of Labour can be served by a "Labour" Party which includes rich dilettanti, Liberal and Tory failures and political careerists



Rich dilettanti, Liberal and Tory failures, and political careerists.

confine their activities to industry. Like the majority of trade unionists, I became a member because I was asked to, to safeguard my interests in the shop, and to insure against unemployment, sickness, old age, etc.

I am quite certain I did not become a trade unionist because of any religious or political beliefs. Nevertheless, I joined the Party because the arguments of the Labour politicians appealed to me, just as they appeal to many other youngsters just entering the industrial maelstrom.

But during the past decade I have been filled with grave misgivings. Have I been chasing a will o' the wisp all my life?

POLITICAL MACHINES.

IT seems to me that, instead of fulfilling their functions as industrial organisations, the unions have become gigantic political machines, appendages of a hybrid parliamentary party misnamed "Labour."

When I joined the union thirty years ago, the official was a hard-working man, whose salary approximated to the standard rate prevailing in the workshops. He devoted the whole of his time to the duties of his office and rarely regarded it as a stepping-stone to a political career. To-day it is all different.

Let us turn to the Labour Party. My earliest recollections of the propagandists was their insistence that the Party was not like others. "Labour" had no intention of resorting to the tactics alleged to be practised by other parties. The candidates would be democratically elected by the rank and file of



Politics were preached unashamed.

affiliated bodies. "Send trade unionists to Parliament" was ever the cry.

It was, we were assured, far easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Labour Party. Elections were to be conducted with pristine purity. No Eatanswill nonsense about the Labour Party. Meetings, yes! Canvassing, yes! But nothing else. As for nursing constituencies or "keeping seats warm," such things would never be countenanced. But, oh, what a change has taken place!

A MIXED CROWD.

WEEK by week we read of wealthy people joining the Party. The Party which, in *Labour and the Nation*, goes out of its way to refer

to other parties as "parties of privilege and wealth," now boasts of having in its membership titled aristocrats, captains of industry, bankers and millionaires. A glance down the list of "Labour" candidates reveals the fact that few are directly connected with labour in any shape or form.

The Party appears to have become controlled by rich neurotics who have taken up politics as a hobby regardless of principles, Liberal and Tory failures and political adventurers. And it should be borne in mind that the Party draws much of its finance from the trade unions.

Prior to the recent by-election in North Aberdeen the prospective Labour candidate was a Mr. Fraser Macintosh. But Mr. Wedgwood Benn, then a recent recruit from the Liberals, had to be found a seat, so Mr. Macintosh took a back seat. The sudden death of the member for Bishop Auckland—a wealthy Labour man—created a piquant situation. Labour's chosen for the constituency happens to be the sitting member for Peckham.

Acute friction, we are told, exists between Dr. Hugh Dalton and the Peckham agent—hence the doctor's contemplated departure for the north. With the general election so near, Dr. Dalton could not very well leave Peckham to contest Bishop Auckland, so his wife has gone to "keep the seat warm," we are informed. One wonders if "privilege and wealth" played any part in this business!

There is to be a General Election in May or June, and the Labour Party is making a bold bid for power. We have a serious unemployed problem, trade is bad and not improving, and conditions generally in the country are deplorable. The different parties will be placing their claims before the electors, and many thousands of trade unionists, who, like myself, have paid contributions for many years, are now asking where is the "labour" in the Labour Party.

[Mr. Crawford Price's articles under the heading of "A Man's View" will be resumed next week.]



Trade Unionists are asking what claim the party has to the votes of the workers.

The Woman's View

*A Modern Woman's Commentary
on the Topics of the Day*

By Rosita Forbes

AN Italian newspaper indiscreetly announces the possible, but scarcely probable, views of D'Annunzio concerning what it describes as the "new Papacy," which reminds me of my first meeting with the lover of Duse and the author of "Fire." He talked to me for some time after dinner at a Parisian party, and then, suddenly, with a disturbed glance round the room, he produced this epic of the egotist—"Madame, I must leave you. I owe myself to every other woman."

THE Volunteer Legion was born at Walsall as the inspiration of a Wesleyan minister, who gave a tea-party to the unemployed, and suggested, as an afterthought to buns and ham sandwiches, that his guests might well offer some sort of service to the town in return for the dole, but its growth is not likely to be limited to one particular district. It began with 21 pioneers, who were tired of idleness, and now the Ministry of Labour is considering the offer of many hundred men and women who have put forward this remarkable "work for nothing" suggestion.

The Minister of Transport frankly states that he sees no reason why the roads should not provide a solution for a percentage of unemployment, but, when he suggested this to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Minister for Labour replied in so technical a fashion concerning the balance of work and the necessity for differentiating between wages and the dole, that the idea is still in an envelope!

Bulgaria, however, levies a yearly tax on labour. Every man and boy has to give so much of his time to the service of the state, a fortnight annually if he brings nothing but his muscles, a week if he can provide a horse and cart, or three days with a motor. All over the country the grey-uniformed volunteers may be seen at work on roads, railways, and municipal works.

AMONG the best sellers of the last decade, the type of novel recently advertised by criticism and censorship comes off a bad third.

The Latin is generally more interested in sex than in anything else, except perhaps food—the Gaul believes that *l'appétit vient en aimant*—but the average Britisher prefers a detective story or the screen type of romance. As a race, we are incurable romantics, dreaming of a social, commercial or political Utopia, and when—if ever—we've had enough of the sob stuff published in cart-loads, or ladled out from Elstree under the heading of "nice, clean British sentiment," we want to be thrilled.

The other day I travelled to Manchester with our most Popular Minister and our Greatest Thinker—(all capitals please!). I dared not expose the tale of crime, with which I proposed to forget time and the temperature—by Kapel Carek, author of "R.U.R.," the latest scientific philosopher to evolve super-detective stories—till, with overdone casualness, the Great of the Earth produced each a similar thriller.

MARIETTE LYDIS has done more than write about the crime which, apparently, intrigues us nearly as much as it dismays or inspires Chicago. She has

etched a series of imaginary criminals complete with imaginary crimes. On the walls of St. George's Gallery you can see a peasant who starved her boy of 14, because he was "eating up her savings," a girl who killed her illegitimate child by drowning it in a basin, a drunkard whose sport was arson, an acrobat who specialised in murder, and so on, through the whole gamut of psychological crimes.

I REMEMBER, when I first met Sybil Thorndike at a public banquet, she told me that fear was her favourite emotion. She was then acting in *Grand Guignol*. She made my flesh creep by explaining, magnificently, because even in real life her voice is a thing of magic, "like sunshine flashing on a sword drawn in battle," that she liked to creep into bed in an eerie room, so that, with one dim light and the wind whistling outside, she could judge the horror of a new play by her own fear.

THE Dutch pictures have roused us to an enthusiasm only rivalled by Lansdowne House, where one saw the embroidery of long dead queens and wondered if the queens of to-day ever have time for a needle. It is a Dutchman, Kees Van Dongen, once a Rotterdam longshoreman, who has invented the latest form of portraiture. He remarked that a woman must have the art of Murillo and of Raphael to make up with the right amount of rouge and the correct shade of blue to give her eyelids "the sweetness and the melancholy of a love-sick doe."

"I would like to paint their portraits with the contents of their vanity-bags," he added, and forty lovely Parisiennes emptied their jewelled cases with a plea that he should begin at once. Now the "lipstick pastel" is all the rage in Paris, but there is an eligible young bachelor in London who goes one better than Van Dongen. The other night at a dance where musicians were employed in relays (for it went on till 9 a.m.) he borrowed his partner's eyebrow pencil, and, after a few strokes, there was an admirable silhouette of Violet Loraine on his shirt-cuff.

MISS 1929 has set her seal on the Ideal Home Exhibition. The architect obviously dreamed of her when he arranged the one-roomed flat, containing alcove bedroom reminiscent of a cabin, bath, kitchenette and living room, totalling an area of about 18 feet by 15, all of whose wonders are to be had for 6s. to 12s. a week. I am told there are 1,200 of these tabloid flats scattered over 15 London districts, and I pine to own one myself, with a convenient Robot to work it. But a nightmare disturbed the architect's dreams when he invented the ultra-modern bedroom for the cocktail girl, where the winner of an all-England beauty competition is instructed to look, not only modern—in pyjamas—but as comfortable as such modernity permits.



The cocktail girl's bedroom of ultra-modern design. There is a stern simplicity about the furniture and decoration, but the occupant seems to have made herself comfortable nevertheless.

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FOR FEAR OF WORSE.

THE weary taxpayer as he staggers under his load, and curses a Government that brings him no relief, is much in the position of Hamlet, as described in that famous soliloquy—

*Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
. . . puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.*

If we substitute a Liberal-Socialist Coalition or a Socialist Government for death, the parallel is exact, so exact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer can even count upon it to silence the complaints of the business community. Thus, for example, when he was exhorted the other day to practise economy by a deputation of the Chambers of Commerce, Mr. Churchill brought the interview to an end in these words—

I should like to express the confident opinion that, however unsatisfactory our efforts at economy may be thought, we are the most economical administration that you are likely to see.

It is not a very lofty ground of defence: "We may be bad, but the other fellow is worse"; yet there is enough truth in it to make thoughtful people despair of our political system.

Mr. Churchill is unable to restrain the expenditure of the Departments; he has indeed himself become a spending Minister, for it was he who introduced Widows' Pensions in his first Budget, and he was the "fairy god-mother" who found "new money" for Mr. Neville Chamberlain's scheme of rating reform. But what is the alternative? Only people who are more extravagant. Mr. Philip Snowden, who would be the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, has publicly stated that he thought high taxation good for trade: heavier death duties, a bigger surtax, a more penal gradation of income tax, to say nothing of the nationalisation of the coal mines and the public buying of commodities—these are what Socialism offers to commerce and industry.

The Parent of Prodigality.

THEN there is the alternative of Mr. Lloyd George. We heard his scheme the other day for a vast new system of road-building at no expense to the nation, to absorb all the unemployed; but nobody cheered save the Liberal candidates, for nobody believes in it. If we look for any personal explanation of the financial evils with which the country is harassed we find it in the amazing activities of that marvellous man. It was he who first made the Treasury a spending Department and so destroyed the very root of economy. It was he who led our politics into that career of social services, which, to find a candid name for them, are a system of political bribery. Now, much as we may admire the peculiar talents of Mr. Lloyd George, we can hardly look to him for economy in the finances.

Is retrenchment possible under our political system? We have that lingering faith in British common sense which makes us believe that public economy would be a more popular cry with the electorate than the politicians suppose; but the politicians do not think so, and they ought to know. Votes are a commodity which are bought with other people's money. All parties engage in the traffic, and those who have the least money in their own pockets are able to offer the biggest bribes. There we differ from the eighteenth century, when the bribe came out of the candidate's own purse. That all parties engage in the traffic will be admitted by anyone who studies their election "literature."

The Conservatives boast that they have spent more money in "social services" than their predecessors; the Socialists proclaim that what the Conservatives have done is nothing to what they propose to do. So profligacy proceeds and there is nothing to stop it but what stops all spend-thrifts—the bottom of the pocket. We are being "drawn to the dregs of a democracy."

Failures of Democracy.

WE hope we do not suggest pessimism, if we say that there is a general dissatisfaction with the political system which brings us such results. A generation or so ago, "progress" and "popular government" were commonly regarded as synonymous terms. The ballot-box was thought to be a twin invention of the steam-engine which made equally for the prosperity, freedom and advancement of mankind. But that easy faith has had some severe shocks; at the present time, although the war was fought to "make the world safe for democracy," the world may be said to be strewn with its ruins. In Russia the Duma went down in flames; in Turkey the Opposition was hanged by the neck until dead; in Afghanistan the mere hint of political reform brought down the Amir; in China there remains hardly the pretence of constitutional government; in Italy Liberalism was purged with castor-oil; in Spain, in Yugoslavia, in Egypt the system was kicked ignominiously out of doors.

Racial Division.

IF the world has been made safe for democracy, democracy has not been made safe from the world. Even in the British Empire, where it may be called the established political religion, it has led us into some recent and heavy disappointments. India is the most notorious out of several cases in point. There is, as that case suggests, one very dangerous characteristic. When there are racial divisions in a country democracy intensifies and embitters these divisions. In India the flame of racial hate has been so fanned by political propaganda that it threatens a general conflagration. The Hindu politicians organise this racial hate not only against the British but against the Mohammedans, and the latter retaliate with interest. To make the killing of a cow a capital crime is the ideal of the youngest democracy combined with the most ancient religion. We cannot put new wine into old bottles.

The South African Case.

SO we find also in South Africa. British and Dutch would probably live in tolerable amity together but for politics, which gives the racial fanatic his opportunity. Here is one of the several points at which the democratic theory breaks down. The electorate, in theory, as it consists of reasonable beings, behaves in a reasonable way, and concentrates on reasonable measures for the development and good government of the country. In practice it may be so worked up by the passionate demagogue as to forget every consideration of common sense in the persecution of a political minority.

General Smuts, who is a philosopher as well as a statesman, protests in the name of sanity and good faith against a policy destructive to the happiness and prosperity of the Union; but his voice is hardly heard in the gale of racial passion. A Dutchman will vote Dutch, as a Briton will vote British, with as much respect to reason as we see in a dog fight.

The popular vote is the lowest common denominator in human affairs. We see in politics everywhere arguments and methods succeed which private judgment condemns. Whether the system will survive its follies and its enemies remains to be seen; it has an abundance of both; and a waning prestige. Both in the Dominions and the Mother Country there is an uneasy feeling that Democracy may be overdone.



DR. MOTORIST: "Good Lor'! Up Again!"

It's Nice to be Eighty

By Dame Madge Kendal

(The famous actress who was born
at Cleethorpes on March 15th, 1849.)

*The world is a kindly place for those
who are willing to give of their
best, whether their work is in the
theatre, or in any other walk of life.*

HOW pleasant it is to watch the hurly-burly of life from the detached and yet by no means isolated point of view that eighty years have given! One watches—and smiles! Not with unkindness, but simply because it is impossible not to be amused by the vastness of knowledge that the young people *think* they possess! But I suppose it has always been the same, right through the years. When I was young, I, too, thought that I knew so much; but now that I am eighty, I *know* that I know so very little.

And yet, I have had far more opportunities of acquiring reliable knowledge than most women. For the last sixty years at least, it has been my privilege to meet most of the notable men and women who have regarded London as their home, as well as those of eminence who have spent their lives in the cities and towns of Great Britain. Names that remain famous in art and politics, in medicine and law, in industry and finance, in music and literature, and yes, in sport too. Their owners pass in review in my memory—courteous gentlemen, charming women, each of them contributing something to that store of knowledge that I realise is but insignificant after all.

OLD "NEW" THOUGHT.

BUT I have learned that human nature changes very little with the passing of the years, and so it is not surprising that I find it impossible not to smile a tolerant smile when I hear our bright young people laying down the law on the topics of the day.

But one thing about the present younger generation does surprise me. "Modern" thought in its wider forms is so old, that I am amazed that the *risqué* book, the indiscreet play, the "broad" conversation, make any appeal to a generation which prides itself on its intellectual attainment and advanced civilisation and progress.

That is a thought I have wanted to express for a long time. It is a pleasure to

be outspoken once in a while, and this is one of the things that helps to make it nice to be eighty! People cannot say that "you will know better when you are older." They cannot urge the impatience of youth! Your words have the weight of the long years of experience and great suffering you have come through.

The possession of a sense of humour makes me realise that young people will always regard us who are older as lacking in up-to-date knowledge; and so they dismiss our advice until the years bring them experience in their turn! When they are eighty, they too will know the impossibility of getting good advice accepted!

WORTHY SUCCESS.

ANOTHER reason why it is so nice to be eighty is the sight of those you have



At a prize-giving. Dame Madge Kendal presents prizes for the Empire Shakespeare Society.

known coming to worthy success. Even if some achieve success which you do not feel they deserve, you have the kindly toleration, which the years have brought, to fall back upon!

In the latter category all shall be nameless, but in the former, I certainly count Mary Jerrold, the charming and talented



A recent photograph of Dame Madge Kendal, who celebrates her 80th birthday to-day.

representative of a charming and vivacious family.

My father used to tell me the following little story of Douglas Jerrold, a contemporary of his. Douglas had a capacity for jesting that was part and parcel of his nature. Upon a day a Mrs. Pepper gave a reception, and Douglas was late, as usual. He bustled in at the last moment and—"How do you do, Mrs. Pepper?" he said, "am I late? Ah, I fear so, for I see that now we are all mustered!"

Mary's son is my godchild—or rather, one of my godchildren. So many parents have done me the honour of asking me to act in this capacity that my godchildren would make quite a party!

But when I recall the many brilliant players who have passed over, good friends and gallant comrades, it is impossible not to feel a tinge of sadness for the dear, dead days that are gone.

But they were days which leave behind them many pleasant memories, and for me, I am glad to say, the happy memories much outweigh the sad.

"LIFE IS DUTY."

IT is, perhaps, one of the greatest charms of being eighty that the intensity of life has departed. One's enthusiasms have mellowed, and one's anxiety to succeed has become soothed by the knowledge that the world is, in reality, a kindly place for those who are willing to give of their best, whether their work is in the theatre, or in any other walk of life.

I have been privileged to be a servant of the public all my life, and in the successes and in the failures which have gone to make up my days, I have already had the realisation that the public knew that I was giving of my best. That thought has tempered the bitterness of failure and enhanced the joy of success.

This fact is not, I think, sufficiently realised by the young people of to-day. There is, perhaps, a tendency to believe that success and all the good things of life can be obtained without too much effort. But the world does not change very much after all, and no one secures any lasting success without intense application and hard work. Yet the full truth of this is not very generally recognised to-day.

Now that I am supposed to be in retirement, although the calls on my time are so numerous—I am always being asked to appeal for this charity in which I am interested, or that good cause I want to support!—I am able to reflect on the truth of the lines:

"I dreamt and thought that Life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that Life is Duty."

Plays with a PURPOSE

Our critic declares that plays with
a purpose need not necessarily be
dull and quotes some examples in
support of his contention.

By Maitland Davidson

PLAYS with a purpose, like novels with a purpose, are often decried and condemned as dull. It is an attitude quite understandable in a way. The author who has something to preach is apt to let his text creep into too many passages of his dramatic discourse to the ultimate cloying of an audience's palate, however admirable the original *motif*.

was staged some half-dozen years ago.

Big national upheavals, war and revolution, have naturally supplied the topics for much of the drama of this kind that has been produced in recent years. Not all these plays, by any means, are dull, and only last week I had occasion to remark on the brilliantly semi-serious satire of Mr. C. K. Munro's *The Rumour*, which,

to us, as well as rather appalling. The mere fact, in the first place, that such a play should receive the official blessing as a suitable portrait of Russian life and manners is most illuminating. Russia has been so more or less cut off from communion with other countries for several years that even its anointed rulers (with blood among the unguents) have clearly lost all touch with the standards that prevail outside.

THEY DO NOT REALISE.

It is plain—as, indeed, has been abundantly demonstrated through other channels—that they simply do not realise in the least how far they have lapsed from what we still consider the decencies of life, into a savage and ugly lawlessness that yet is almost incredibly law-ridden. Or should we say tyranny-ridden?

For these eloquent disciples of so-called freedom are, on the testimony of their own representatives, fundamentally among the most abject serfs that ever trembled under a tyrant's frown. In the course of this play, for example, one of the characters ventures to remark to another, in a bedroom with the door shut, that he doesn't think so very much of the general efficiency of the Soviet government—nothing more than that, mind you. Instantly he is shushed to silence by a terrified companion, who warns him that walls have ears and if ever he commits such an awful indiscretion again, he'll probably be for the pole-axe, or revolver in the back, or whatever the latest method of removal is among these charming people.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

Imagine the holocausts that might thus be collected from our own restaurants, pubs



A scene from "*Red Rust*"—the first play of Soviet Russian life to be produced in England—at the Little Theatre.

Whether it is paraffin or otto of roses the cooking pans are tinged with, a uniformly pungent flavour running through all the dishes of the menu makes for an inevitable feeling of distaste, if not nausea.

But not all plays or books so written are necessarily boring. Take the recently revived *Justice*, for instance, which is emphatically a tilt against our prison system as it was, as well as against the general ruthlessness of the law's grip. This remains, even now that some of the conditions have been ameliorated, one of our great plays. To skip back a generation or two, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—the book, not the film many of us have lately been seeing—is, perhaps, a highly coloured, crude and sentimental indictment of slavery, but no one can deny its popular appeal.

THE NOTE OF REALITY.

I must confess, myself, to such a preference for plays about something, rather than artificial figments in which ideas are butchered to make a theatreland holiday, that I have even found enjoyment in some of the oddest of purposeful pieces—as, for instance, Dr. Marie Stopes's quite well-done propaganda one on behalf of birth control, which

though rather wholesale in its scope, is quite definitely an affair of anti-war propaganda.

A SOVIET PLAY.

One of the latest "plays with a purpose" is *Red Rust*, which was presented recently at the Little Theatre. It was originally staged at Moscow in 1927, and is the first play written and produced under Soviet Russia that the Soviet Government has passed for British consumption. The authors are two young Russian students, who are evidently earnest Communists possessed of a burning enthusiasm for "the cause." Their subject is that of life under the Communistic régime in present-day Russia—for though two years have elapsed since its first production, it is evidently, through this "release" by the Russian authorities, approved by them as an up-to-date picture of what goes on in Russia now, as well as a true expression of what one might perhaps call the soul of modern Russia.

As such it is intensely interesting



Miss Sybil Thorndike as Major Barbara and Mr. Lewis Casson as Adolphus Cusins in the revival of "*Major Barbara*," Bernard Shaw's Salvation Army play.

and clubs, among persons who have dared to speak quite openly and disrespectfully of Mr. Baldwin and Dora! You will observe particularly also, that this kind of Reign of Terror, since the play has received the official *imprimatur*, is openly acknowledged by the said ruling body to be in existence. No, I don't think we shall go to Russia for our next holidays, after all.

The only freedom that seems to be actually permitted—again I rely on the Soviet's own dramatic propaganda—is free love, or, in other words, promiscuity in its most repulsive and unlovely form. Marriage is discouraged as so *bourgeois*; the unwanted children of irregular unions are sent out to shift for themselves in the "Child's Colony," where we are told they lead a wretched life and all die before they reach the age of fifteen.

THE BOOK OF RULES.

The plot of this amazing play does not so particularly matter, except for the light it throws on everyday conditions in Soviet Russia. True, the villain of the piece would be one by our standards, too, but his offence in this case from the Soviet viewpoint is not that he is brutal and beastly, but that his crimes are expressions of the individual, which thus transgress the great doctrine of the supremacy of the mass.

The hero, like everyone else in the play, is a wordy bore, always ready to make long speeches at any moment; no one ever smiles or laughs unless he is drunk; there is no real privacy; and everybody carries about with him a little red-covered book of rules composed by Lenin, a quotation from which is the final argument among these joylessly unmoral windbags.

PROPAGANDA THAT MISFIRES.

But the play itself—excellently acted by Mr. Ion Swinley, Mr. John Gielgud and others—is not dull. It is an education. It is propaganda that strikes home as no mere book or inspired article has or could have—though, unfortunately, (from the point of view of its sponsors) in precisely the opposite direction from that intended. But the instructiveness has throughout the charm of novelty and surprise.

If an Englishman had given us this play we should inevitably suspected him of gross exaggeration; we should have refused to believe that any collection of human beings could live in a manner at once so terrible and so absurd. But coming "from the horse's mouth" its sordid sensationalism is stamped with the rare and valuable seal of truth.

TWO MUSICAL COMEDIES.

In comparison with this, indeed, one finds it quite a simple matter to swallow—for one evening, at any rate—the picturesque fictions of musical comedy, as exemplified in such very different specimens of the breed as *Merry, Merry*, the new piece at the Carlton, and *The White Camellia* at Daly's. These two form a curious contrast, and rather strikingly illustrate the new fashion in such entertainments and the old.

The feature of *Merry, Merry*, as in some other musical shows imported from America, is the work of the chorus, though I hasten to add that this collection of unusually pretty girls has been drilled in its dances by a young Englishman, Mr. Ralph Reader. They have been trained to a very fine point of precision, in the kind of collective dancing which largely consists of holding hands in a row and waving or stamping the feet in unison. One can have too much of that sort of thing—but the audience evidently didn't. Of individual dancing there is nothing to make a song about, except for the truly delightful antics of Messrs. Moran and Levoie as a couple of reporters. It is a pity that real-life newspaper offices are not enlivened by a few such.

The Musician Hero. Sir Gerald du Maurier as the violinist, Gheradi, in "Fame," at the St. James's Theatre.



Father and Daughter. Mr. Fred Terry appears in "The Borderer" as Lord Bothwell, one of the lovers of Mary, Queen of Scots, who is played by his daughter, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

A PUBLICITY PLOT.

These reporters arrive on the scene because of an adventure that has befallen a musical comedy star, played with her customary vivacity by Miss Peggy O'Neil. In a capital opening scene at a Tube station she is accosted by a rich admirer, who persuades her to let him drive her home in his car, paying her mildly flirtatious attention on the way in the doleful and subdued manner associated with that melancholic comedian, Mr. A. W. Baskcomb. Two days later everyone, including the lady, is astonished to learn from a daily paper that in the ardour of his amorous assault the naughty old man had broken her rib and that she is suing him for £5,000 damages. This story—invented by the actress's publicity agent—is the origin of all the complications that follow.

Another concerned in them is Mr. W. H. Berry, who is in his usual boisterous mood and provided with his usual armoury of not too brain-rackingly subtle quips.

RURITANIA AGAIN.

Quite another sort of affair is *The White Camellia*, which to many of us recalls the days of our youth. Here is the musical comedy of Ruritania once again, with plots and counter-plots, and conspirators who say and sing the most compromising secrets at the top of their voices, and wear impenetrable disguises that a child of six could spot at a glance. It is all very pleasantly done in the proper old pre-war Daly's manner; with Mr. Harry Welchman as the gallant hero and Mr. Huntley Wright as the funny man.

There is a preponderance of masculine element in both these comedies.



The Hunting Set. A little gathering in the first act of "Fame," who give a lively, if lurid, picture of the manners and conversation of the "idle rich" who follow hounds.

The Courage of Mary Carwin

By
Philip Ransom

Mrs. Felpitt, supposedly a widow, is reluctantly compelled to receive a guest in the form of a sailor who has met with a bicycle accident. She has a surprise when she first sees him and requires considerable strength of mind to maintain her usual equanimity under very trying circumstances.



"You're a brave woman, Mrs. Felpitt."

MRS. FELPITT stopped short in the darkness of the lane, and her heart too seemed to stop short for a moment before it pounded against her ribs. She drew her raincoat tightly round her, and listened. Behind her, in the main road, she heard the Radminster 'bus, which had just set her down, resume its ponderous voyage, and in the silence that ensued she could hear nothing but the pouring rain and wind of that wild October night.

Before her was her house, the lonely little house which should have been empty and peaceful, awaiting her home-coming, as she had left it that morning. But there were lights in her windows—a light in Alan's window, where no light had any right to be with Alan away at school these three weeks and more. A foreboding disquiet sapped at her, and she had to force her limbs to movement.

At her gate she stopped again, holding her breath. There was a car standing in the lane. She knew that old car well, and her heart turned to stone as she gazed up at Alan's window. A dark shadow passed to and fro across the orange blind, and bent down and straightened itself again. Tremblingly she passed through the door and entered the tiny hall. At the foot of the stairs she stopped and called softly up the staircase. The footsteps overhead ceased, as if someone listened. The whole house seemed to listen silently. She dared not go up—not yet—and called again.

"Dr. Parley," she called, "Doctor, what is it?"

"Mrs. Felpitt?"

"Yes—oh, what has happened?"

"An accident. I've taken a great liberty. I had to."

The words that were burning in her burst forth.

"Not Alan—nothing to do with Alan?"

"No, no, of course not." There was a little pause. "Your boy's at school, surely?"

"Yes," she echoed, "he's safe at school. Shall I come up? Do you want help?"

"Please don't. I'll come down in a minute."

An accident, Dr. Parley had said. She wondered what had happened, and her thoughts flew again to her son.

Presently she heard the doctor's feet descending, and opened the door to him.

"You'll want hot water," she said steadily. "It's nearly boiling. Now tell me."

The old man glanced at her out of shrewd grey eyes. Brave as a little lion, he thought for the hundredth time since he had known her, she's got a philosophy that covers everything—except her son.

"The man appeared from nowhere in front of the car. I think he meant to turn into the hedge, and got dazzled . . ."

"Whose car?" she interrupted. "Was he walking?"

"My car. Lucky for him I'm a doctor. He was on a bicycle, coming down the hill round that corner like a lunatic."

"It happened just outside, then?"

"Yes, that's why I brought him in here. I had to, really—dared not move him far even in the car. And in the dark and rain I couldn't see. Luckily there was a labourer passing. I didn't know you were away, of course, till I got him into the house. Then I saw he must be put to bed at once. I know it was a liberty. . ."

She shook her head. "Not from you," she said quickly, her mind travelling back to one dark night twelve years ago. "You know that. He's in Alan's room, then?"

"It's good of you to say that. Yes—in Alan's room. I knew he was at school, and I took advantage of it."

"Yes," she replied, "I've slept there lately, once or twice."

"Well," he continued ruefully, "there it is. I'm sorry—but I knew you would . . ."

"Of course, I understand," she broke in. "Poor fellow—who is he?"

The doctor laughed shortly. "I've no idea," he said. "Too busy to think of that. A man of thirty-five to forty, I should say. His leg is broken—badly. He's unconscious. The worst of it is . . ." he shot a glance at her pale, determined face, and paused.

"You mean to say," she took him up, "you mean to say he can't be moved?"

"Not for some time," he answered remorsefully. "I'm afraid not."

In the silence which followed she straightened

herself suddenly. "I'd better see him," she said with quiet decision. "Will you take me up?"

On Alan's bed she could see the outline of the man's figure beneath the bedclothes. His head was mostly a white blue against the white pillow.

"I had to attend to his head first," he whispered, indicating the bandages which covered all the man's face except his nose and mouth. "I've done all I can for him to-night."

"A sea-faring man, I should say," continued the doctor in that low voice. "Do you see?"

But the pale woman by his side may not have heard that question. She stood there so silent, so rigid, that he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"This upsets you," he said. "I'm not surprised."

She seemed to escape from his kindly hand.

"Will he live?" In her voice there was something which hesitated, as if she had not meant to ask quite that very question.

He glanced at her, startled. "Of course, of course! Whatever made you think of that? I'll bring a nurse out with me to-morrow. He'll want nursing."

"Yes," she said stonily. "I can't nurse him—and he can't be moved."

He shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "You can see for yourself . . ."

"Oh, yes," she interrupted wearily. "I can see." She gazed down at the banal blue tattooing on the brown forearm. The doctor's voice hardly penetrated her thoughts.

"I must go now," he said. "It's Mrs. Barlock, of course, at the farm."

She did not seem to hear him. "Will he come round, do you think? To-night, I mean?"

"Unlikely. Look at him."

She looked, but did not speak nor move. He felt a strong reluctance to leave her. It was impossible to tell from her face whether she was afraid, or, if so, what she feared.

"Very well," she whispered suddenly. "On your way home."

He followed her downstairs, leaving the lamp

on Alan's dressing-table. At the front door he stopped.

"You're a brave woman, Mrs. Felpitt," he said impulsively. "I'm grateful, you know."

"Am I?" He caught her whisper, and thought she was asking him that question.

"Wonderful," he declared with admiration. "So many women would be frightened. Alan is lucky."

As he opened the gate he saw her still standing in the dim light of the open door. Her voice reached him through the pattering rain.

"You'll come back," she cried softly. "You won't be long?"

He waved his arm in reassurance. "I do believe she is afraid," the doctor thought.

DR. PARLEY, returning four hours later, found Mrs. Felpitt sitting before a fire which she had lit in the room where the man lay. She stood up as the door opened.

"I thought you were never coming," she said. "He hasn't spoken."

The doctor did not answer, but stood listening to the man's breathing.

"He's all right," he muttered, stepping over to the light. "What's all this? His gear?"

"Yes—his belongings. I've put them all out for you to see."

The doctor ran his eye over the motley collection.

"Don't tell you much," he remarked. "Hullo—a bar of medal ribbons—what a string of them. Splendid fellow!"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "there's a Naval decoration there—you were right. And there are ten five-pound notes in that letter-case, and some loose silver in his pockets. That's all of any interest."

"Who is he?"

"There's nothing to show. His clothes are all brand-new and ready-made. He's probably just back from long foreign service." Her voice was unutterably weary and she sank into a chair and closed her eyes.

"She has been through too much," he thought, gazing reflectively at her tired face. From the night he had ushered Alan into the world, he reviewed the twelve years of her pitiless, incessant struggle to match her wits and slender income against the thousand necessities of her life and Alan's.

"I've been thinking," she said. "He must stay here, and there's a room for the nurse. He'll be gone before the holidays, of course?"

The doctor nodded, smiling. "Long before, I hope."

"I've been thinking, then. Perhaps when he comes round it would be best not to mention Alan to him at all. I mean, he might worry that he was keeping him out of his room or something. He's bound to feel under an obligation anyhow—being in a strange house."

"Possibly," the doctor admitted. "Quite likely. I'll tell the nurse if you like. You seem to think of everything."

"I've cleared all Alan's things out of the room," she continued. "The nurse will want to use the drawers and so on. I don't like the idea of Alan's things being in a sick room anyhow." She seemed to fall into a deep trance of thought for a minute.

"You'd better lie down," he ordered. "I'll stay till it's light—doze in that chair, you know. I'm used to this sort of thing."

"Very well," she complied meekly, with a lingering glance round the room. "I'll go to bed. Good-night, Dr. Parley."

IT was not until a week had dragged by that she spoke to the man. The nurse came, and waged resolute, silent warfare, as was her business, in the room upstairs. One afternoon, her patient asleep, she said:

"He was asking for you this afternoon, Mrs. Felpitt."

"For me?"

"Well, he wanted to know where he was."

"What did you tell him?"

"That he'd been taken into a house. I told him your name and that you were a widow who lived here alone. Those were doctor's orders."

Mrs. Felpitt nodded. "Is this the first time he's spoken?"

"Well, what you might call sense. He's talked a lot."

"Oh, I see."

"He's restless. I never had such a restless patient. It makes things difficult. He's very trying. There's something on his mind."

"What is it, then?"

"Oh—a girl, of course. It generally is a girl. I don't see what else you can expect, girls being such fools with men." She sniffed scathingly.

"Does he want to see me?" she resumed.

"Yes. At least, he wants to talk to you."

"Very well, then. The next time he asks I'll come up."

The nurse nodded, and noiselessly left the room. Presently she reappeared, beckoning, and Mrs. Felpitt followed her upstairs.

"Here's Mrs. Felpitt," intoned the nurse. "You mustn't talk too much, you know. Doctor's orders."

The man, lying uncomfortably on his back, his bandaged head straining towards the door, stifled some words in his throat.

"Go away!" he exclaimed, with that terrible violence of the sick. "I'll talk as much as I like. Mrs. Felpitt?"

The nurse, with heightening colour in her sallow cheeks, shrugged her shoulders expressively as she went out.

"Mrs. Felpitt? Are you there? They've tied me up so that I can't see, you know."

"I know," she breathed. "I'm here, though."

He fell back on to the pillow and was silent.

"You wanted to see—to talk to me?"

"Naturally I do. I've come into your house and upset everything. That woman's told me. I want to thank you. I'm tremendously grateful."

"Oh, no," she mused, as if to herself. "It was the only thing to do. Anyone would have done it."

"That's all very well. I don't suppose you even know my name?"

"None of your things are marked," she said quietly.

"No. My name is Stargess—James A. Stargess. Well, I'm fearfully grateful. You've probably saved my life. But there's one thing—I can pay for all this, so . . ."

"Please—" she interrupted, "please—we need not discuss this—not now."

"I want to discuss it," he continued in-

flexibly. "I am an independent sort of man. Everybody thinks I'm wild—but one has no right to be wild without being able to pay for it. It serves me right that I'm like this. I came down that hill like fury—that was because I was in a temper. Now, this is practically the next thing that I remember . . ." He stopped to breathe heavily, and resumed abruptly.

"I'll tell you why I was in a temper, if you like. I called at a farm to inquire about something. There was a woman there going to have a baby. Nobody seemed to mind whether she had a baby or not. There were about ten children about the place already, and the man was so used to it he was reading the paper till the doctor came. They thought I was the doctor, and I walked in on the whole family. It made me wild, and d'you know why?"

"No," she answered huskily. "You mustn't excite yourself, you know—not talk too . . ."

"You needn't worry about that," he interrupted. "I quite realise it's my business to get well as soon as I can."

"You know I didn't mean that," she answered hotly.

"I know you'd never say it," he replied. "I'm thinking of what you must be thinking. We're all human . . . But I was telling you it made me mad to see that man come to the door with the glasses on his nose and the paper in his hand, and his wife . . . D'you know what I mean?"

"Yes," she said.

"Most women would." He lay in impatient silence.

"You'd better go now," he said suddenly. "My head's getting bad again. But you know who I am now, at any rate, and that I'm grateful. I'm as hard as nails, really. The sea does that for one, if one isn't a fool."



"I can guess what you mean."

ONE day, soon after this conversation, Mrs. Felpitt waylaid Dr. Parley as he came downstairs.

"How's he getting on?" she asked.

"Capitally, my dear lady—capitally. Don't you think so yourself?"

"I haven't seen him—only, once, at least. You know, doctor, I'm an idiot, I suppose, but I don't like sickness. Some women are like that."

The doctor looked at her searchingly. She seemed very pale and drawn, as if with some secret tension. She passed her hand wearily across her eyes.

"It's a strain—having him here," she confessed.

"H'm," he remarked judiciously, "you're not

anything. Alan won't be home till Christmas, so take it easy till then."

He bustled out cheerily, and she listened for a minute as his old car panted up the hill. Then she went to her bedroom, but all the time she was thinking of Alan's Christmas holidays. She took out a packet of letters and read them through. Football and wireless and engines and some awful slang! He seemed to have grown up already. . . . He always had been very grown-up for his age, but now he was writing sometimes almost like a man.

"HE wants you to go up, please, Mrs. Felpitt." The sallow nurse stood at the door.

"Dr. Parley says he's making a marvellous

had brought back from what had been, for reasons of her own, his one and only visit to the seaside.

"This keeps me sane," he remarked. "You know, it's a wonderful rest to the mind to keep your fingers busy, isn't it?"

"It is!" she said bitterly. "But where did you get that?" She had forgotten its existence, but it belonged to Alan, if to anyone.

He grinned. "That woman found it somewhere. She thinks I'm mad. You don't mind, do you? It's of no value. I'm making a model."

"A model of a boat?" she asked.

"Ship."

"Oh." Some impatience in his tone made her wonder what she had said.

He picked up the model and began paring and shaving it with a sharp knife.

"Do you know what I was looking for at Barlock's farm?" The words shot at her so unexpectedly, recalled vividly the night she had first spoken to him.

"No." She felt she had not got her voice under proper control.

"I was looking for a girl called Mary Carwin."

"Really?" she asked instantly—there must be no more of those silences—"Really? Who is she?"

"There's nobody of that name, then—living round here?"

"I've never heard it mentioned here—I know practically everyone, too. Why—why—are you looking for her?"

The knife in his fingers was very busy for a moment before he answered.

"I've got to find her."

"I'm afraid you won't find her in this neighbourhood."

"But that's the only reason I've come to this neighbourhood. I've heard she came here from Devonport. In a way one might say I'm lying in this bed because of Mary Carwin. I certainly should not have come down your hill at the rate which I did but for her."

She was about to speak, when he went on:

"She's on my conscience."

"Nurse told me you were worrying about some girl. Apparently most men do—when they are ill."

The blood flooded his face darkly.

"I'm tied by the leg, you know," he said simply.

She turned quickly away from his tempestuous eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she whispered.

"Yes," he answered, "but you've got to hear, now. It

was early in the War. Do you remember that time clearly?"

"Very clearly."

"Well—I ought to have married her. I wanted to, and I ought to have—but I didn't."

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. We were both young—very young she was. I know that does not make it any better, but I was young, too. I have thought about this a lot, and I believe that when life is flowing away from mankind in streams Nature takes a hand to make the loss good. Do you know what I mean when I say I ought to have married Mary Carwin?"

"Yes," she answered steadily, "I can guess what you mean."

"Well, we met at Devonport. I was in process of being absorbed into the Navy—I'm back in the Merchant Service now, of course. She lived there alone with her father. I hear he died about that time. I've taken infinite pains to find out all about her lately—since I've been home." His restless hands fashioned



"Sorry, Mother, but look what I've been doing."

looking well yourself. Are you all right? I feel responsible for all this."

"You mustn't feel like that. I'm all right really. It's this neuralgia."

"That's probably due to strain," he agreed. "Where do you get it?"

"In my head. In my eyes chiefly. That window, for instance. It seems like a terrible glare to me. I can hardly go out of doors when the sun shines."

"It's nerve-strain," he said. "Your eyes have never troubled you before?"

"Oh, no!"

"You're not to worry; I'll get him away very soon."

"Long before Alan's holidays?"

"Yes, yes—a matter of a week or so. I'll get him moved. Don't worry. I know some people can't stand this sort of thing. Your neuralgia now . . . I'll send you something."

"I wondered if I wore dark glasses for a time . . ."

"By all means! Don't do any sewing or

recovery," she replied, ignoring the nurse's words as if she had not heard them.

"He is. It's his vitality—'will to live' they call it nowadays. It's—it's almost violent—he's a very violent man."

"I'll let you know when I come out," she said, and with an instant's pause to collect herself, knocked sharply and entered.

He was half-sitting up in bed, propped by pillows, and now one could see the whole of his face—a strong, self-willed face, with an imaginative mouth and stormy eyes. These swept her frankly from her hair to her heels.

"It's good of you to come up," he said. "It's a merciful relief to have somebody to talk to. I can't read much; I have no one to write to—look what I'm reduced to doing."

She saw that the bed was spread with a newspaper which was covered with chips and shavings. On it lay, already recognisable as the hull of a model ship, one of those large cork-floats which fishermen use. She recognised it at once as one of several which Alan

and moulded, carved and shaped as he was speaking. He held the new-created hull of cork up to the light, studying its silhouette. "Good lines! Well, I can't find her. That's all."

"Does it matter? A mere affair of conscience?"

"It's not that only. I left her without a word. It's true we had a quarrel, but it was a heartless thing to do, after—after what had happened between us—to leave her like that. I know it now, but I don't think Nature concerned herself much with hearts in those days, sometimes—it was bodies she was after. I went suddenly to the Dardanelles. I was in the landing."

"Ah," she interrupted, "those medal ribbons—"

"Never mind that. I got through—but, curiously enough, I hardly ever came home. I did not want to come home. I've got no people to worry about me. I'm in the English Eastern Line—and I've stuck to the East ever since. Suddenly I woke up. I knew I wasn't living at all. I was putting in time." He stopped, as if expecting her to make some remark. She waited in silence.

"It was Mary Carwin, of course. I knew that one morning in Penang, after. . . Oh, never mind. I knew it suddenly. I arranged for long leave when I got here—that was easy enough. The next thing is to find her."

"And then?" She crouched instinctively towards the fire.

"I shall marry her and settle down. I've made money, but I've wasted about twelve years."

"She may have—gone under. You don't seem to have thought of that, ever."

"Gone under! She's got the pluck of the devil—that's why I—"

"Or married," she interrupted hastily. "Or she may not want you. You treated her abominably, anyhow, I gather. She may hate the memory of you—probably does. She may have made a life of her own by this time. That is more than likely. Twelve years is a long time, you know, out of a woman's youth."

She expected a quick retort to this, but it did not come. Nothing came—nothing but the sound of his knife shaping beauty under his violent fingers.

She huddled closer to the fire. Now, somehow, she was not expecting his voice. When it came it startled her.

"In that case there is always the sea again. It's in my blood. If it's born in you, only a woman can fight it—one woman, I mean. Mary Carwin could, if I found her, and she chose. You know what I mean—if she chose. Not otherwise. I'm proud, though I've nothing to be proud of. That is the sort of pride which is life and death. The sea respects that, too." His voice died abruptly. "Send that woman in, please," he said roughly. "I've talked too much; I can see I've tired you."

Indeed, by the drooping of her shoulders one would have said that she was very tired.

"Good-night," she said. "I can't imagine why you have told me all this, but I should like to hear what happens when you find her—if you do."

MRS. FELPITT did not see her unwilling lodger again until the day he left. But do what she would his presence pervaded the house.

"He's going to-morrow," the nurse remarked, suddenly, one evening late in November. "How thankful you must be."

It was significant that when speaking of him neither woman ever mentioned his name.

"He is, but what makes you say that?"

"I should be, anyhow, if it was my house. As it is, I shall be thankful to go to a fresh case. He exhausts one. He's the sort of man—oh, I don't know. I know it's wrong, but I almost hate him sometimes. One can't treat him ordinarily. At least—"

Mrs. Felpitt waited for the alternative, which was not forthcoming. She changed the conversation and presently went to bed.

She chose a time to say good-bye to Captain Stargess when the doctor was with him. The man called after her as she was going. She returned slowly, but heart beating heavily.

"You won't forget Mary Carwin," he said in a low voice, "—if you hear of her, I mean. Would you let me know, if you did hear of her?"

"Why?" she said hastily, drawing away from him, "why do you ask that?"

"I wonder! Never mind. Good-bye then, Mrs. Felpitt. I can never be grateful enough to you for my life, you know."

When the ambulance had driven off, she went slowly up to Alan's room again. He would be home in three weeks' time, she thought, as she began mechanically to tidy things up with hands that still trembled a little. She had kept her great piece of news about his future in the office in Radminster to tell him when he came. She pondered on this. She would tell him on

just about covered the expenses to which the man had put her. Alan should have the benefit of this.

THE three weeks which had to elapse before Alan's return seemed to hang on Mrs. Felpitt's hands, in spite of the fact that there was plenty of work in arrears about the house.

At last he came, happy and self-confident and strangely different. She actually felt a moment's shyness as she clasped him to her. But this wore off as he ran eagerly round the house, revisiting familiar haunts after the immemorial manner of boys on holiday.

"You're glad to be home again, son?" she asked with studied carelessness.

"Um?" he replied. "Rather, of course I am. Did I tell you how we ragged old Smithers? Some of the chaps at school—"

and so on for an ecstatic half-hour. At bed-time he resisted, with a sudden shyness, her offer to put him to bed, but called down to her as she sat knitting to come up and say good-night to him. He was sitting up in his striped pyjamas when she came, clean and bright and clear-cut as a penny fresh from the Mint. He kissed her, and snuggled down in bed with a happy sigh.

"It is nice to be home," he said, and her heart sang.

"That's what I always want you to feel," she whispered rapturously, bending over him. "Always! all your life."

His eyes opened suddenly, shining up into hers.

"But it's ripping at school," he said. "It's lovely and big and exciting. It's an adventure, too—you've no idea!"

THE day before Christmas was a busy one for Mrs. Felpitt, for there were many things to prepare. In her mind as she worked, there was, however, the anticipation of the evening, of the pleasant rite of Alan's stocking, extra finely furnished this year from the boarder's money, and, above all, of the news she had for him of his future in Radminster. He kept on putting his head into the kitchen where she was so busy, showing a whole-hearted interest in the question of food—but presently she missed his frankly greedy interruptions and, as the clock ticked on past lunch-time, wondered nervously where he had gone.

He returned at last, wet through, cold, but elated.

"Oh, Alan!" she cried, with that mixture of relief and anger which is best known, perhaps, to mothers. "Oh, Alan, you are naughty—you're wet and dinner's spoiling—where have you been?"

"Sorry, mother, but look what I've been doing. I've been sailing this— isn't she a little beauty!"

A cold hand of premonition seemed to close on her heart as her eyes fell on what he held out for her admiration. It was the model ship which she had last seen uncompleted on the bed

upstairs while the man wrought at it and talked his wild talk to her of Mary Carwin.

"Give it to me," she said with a hard intensity that made him recoil. "Where did you get that thing?"

He hugged the ship to him. "It was on the top of my wardrobe. I set a mouse-trap up there last hols and forgot it. I remembered it to-day—and found this. What is the matter, mother? There wasn't a mouse—"

"You must give it to me," she repeated inflexibly. "It—it isn't yours. You can't have it. Now go and change your boots."

Obediently he handed it to her, and stumped silently into the lobby.

She fled breathlessly upstairs to her room, and a drawer banged shut. There would be



For a long time she sat staring at her name, as if she had seen a ghost.

Christmas Eve, when he and she were alone together.

She stood suddenly rigid with the knob of the open dressing-table drawer still in her hand. A large envelope stared up at her. As she took it up the crisp crinkle of paper money informed her of its contents long before she had read the enclosed message.

"If you are too proud to accept my board and lodging for yourself, you may be able to find some other use for this." It was initialled "J. A. S."

She shut the drawer quickly and went on with her work, her colour coming and going, the money lying uncounted on the floor. In the end she picked it up deliberately and counted the notes, making a rapid calculation. The sum



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THE COURAGE OF MARY CARWIN—continued.

more time, she thought, to burn this unlucky thing when Alan had gone to bed. She returned, trembling, in spite of herself. Alan was waiting for her, and they sat down to lunch in silence.

“I don’t see why,” he said. “It was my cork—I remember it. Who made it?”

“Never mind that,” she replied. “I don’t want you to have it. Please, Alan—”

“It isn’t fair,” he said. “It’s the rippingest thing I’ve ever had. You’ve never given me a ship.” He ran out quickly and she divined tears in his eyes. Her own pricked ominously under her stern brows.

BUT as he gravely sat by the fire with his mother till his bed-time, she instinctively felt it as a pale ghost between them. Her heart was full of bitterness and determination. This was to have been such a happy evening—Christmas Eve—and they were to have discussed glowingly together the golden news of Radminster which she had kept in store for him. But now they sat in an awkward silence.

“Mother,” he said, “it’s very funny about that ship. Me finding it to-day, I mean—and I was going to tell you to-night anyhow, because I’ve been saving it up most of the term—that when I grow up I’m going to be a sailor.”

“Alan!” Just that one word was wrung from her, and he continued excitedly.

“It’s very funny how I knew, too. You know—well, p’raps you don’t know, but any man would know who’s been to school.”

“But, Alan!” She had recovered herself by now. “You’ve never—only once—even seen the sea!”

“Yes, I know—that’s funny, too. But that’s what I’m going to be, all the same. Don’t you think it’s a splendid thing to be?” His boyish face was very earnest and determined as he gazed at her with disappointment dawning in his eyes.

“But, Alan—I had such wonderful news for you, too, to-night. I’ve arranged it all for you. You’re to go into Fossick and Fossick’s office in Radminster when you leave school. Dear old Mr. Fossick—”

“Mother, how could you! I should hate it—you know I would—that stuffy office, when I might be on the sea—and you never even told me! I couldn’t—I couldn’t! You might have asked me, mother.”

“But, darling boy,” she cried, “your mother surely knows best for you—and you could live here with me always and go into the office every day. Just think of that, Alan—you’d always be at home—”

“But I don’t want to be at home.” For a moment they searched each other’s eyes. Tears welled suddenly in hers. In a moment he was on his knees by her side, his arm round her neck.

“Oh, Mummy,” he whispered, “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to make you look like that.”

She took this for victory, and held him close to her.

“It’s all right, son-boy—it’s quite all right. I’m sure you didn’t. We won’t talk about the sea any more, will we? I’ll tell you about Fossick’s. It’s a marvellous chance for you.”

He drew away, but squatted at her feet, holding her hand and gazing into the fire with distant eyes as she drew a gorgeous picture of his future as she had planned it. Suddenly he got up.

“I’m tired,” he said. “I think I’ll go to bed, please. I’ll call when I’m ready.”

He walked slowly upstairs, and presently she went up to him. He was snug in bed already, and she bent over him.

In the manner of childhood he attacked a different angle. “My Daddy has been dead a long time, hasn’t he? You’ve never told me what he was, Mummy.”

She straightened herself abruptly. “Your Daddy was a very brave man,” she said. “You must be brave, too. One can’t always do exactly as one wants. You’ll know what I mean when you’re older. Now say good-night, old boy—it’s Christmas Day to-morrow, you know.”

She tore herself away from him and reached the sanctuary of her room, breathless. She turned the key in the drawer and took out the model ship. Almost superstitiously she gazed at it, wondering at its fine detail. She crept downstairs, but the embers were nearly black. Patiently she set herself to coax them back to heat and life. It took some time. Meanwhile, her thoughts moved obstinately in a circle. Somehow she felt she would be able to think better when this wretched toy was burnt.

A sharp noise upstairs startled her. She went outside the door to listen and caught sight of a light in Alan’s room. It gave her a shock and set her heart fluttering.

Alan’s door was ajar and she pushed it open softly and peeped in. The candle was guttering on a chair by his bedside, but he was asleep. On the counterpane was a heap of shavings, and a pocket-knife lay where it had fallen on the floor. But there was something else on the bed. She came closer to see it properly. It was a cork float such as fishermen use, and it was already roughly shaped.

The boy lay on his back, just as he had fallen asleep in the middle of his labours. There were marks of tears on his cheeks and his eyelashes were wet. One arm lay on the coverlet, palm upwards. Mrs. Felpitt stared down at it, fascinated. Almost she could have sworn that a moment ago the clear skin had showed a banal blue tattooing. A heart pierced by an arrow it had been—as banal as all that. Then she sat down and wrote a letter.

“Alan,” she wrote, “That word will tell you everything, because (do you remember?) when I was angry with you I used to make you mad by calling you ‘Jimmy,’ like everybody else. But even now I don’t know how much you know. Perhaps you knew that Felpitt was my mother’s name, but I don’t think so. And do you know about the other Alan? I think not, but he and I have great need of you . . .”

She wrote steadily for half an hour. At the end with her courageous hand she signed it—“Mary Carwin.” For a long time she sat staring at her name as if she had seen a ghost.

YOUNG Alan awoke with a start on Christmas morning to a peal of bells. Instinctively his gaze sought for his stocking. He sat up suddenly with a cry of delight. With rapturous eyes he took it all in. How beautiful the little hull, how delicate the tracery of masts and rigging, and—above all—how bravely the gay flags fluttered in the morning air.

END.



H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak is wife of Sir Charles Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, who occupies a unique position in the Empire in that he is a white rajah ruling some half-a-million people in Borneo. The Ranee, who has written several books, discusses the intriguing question of woman's happiness in this article.

The Ranee and her three daughters, Dayang Lenore, Elizabeth and Valerie, enjoy themselves on the lawn of their beautiful English home in the New Forest. To them life is evidently not "a long, dusty and, for the most part, uninteresting road" which is the fate of some girls, according to the Ranee.

By H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak

HER flushed remark set me thinking. . . . She was young; she was extremely pretty, and she had just come from a dance given in honour of her twenty-first birthday.

"How did you enjoy it?" I asked, although her radiant face supplied the answer in advance.

"Enjoy it!" she laughed. "It was really too marvellous. I'm sure I shall never, never be as happy again." She frowned a little as a thought crossed her mind. "Why, in ten years time I may be married with a child, and hardly have time even to dance."

A LONG DUSTY ROAD.

MARRIED with a child—a fate to be dreaded! I could not help wondering if she were right in thinking that hers was indeed a woman's happiest phase, the care-free years of girlhood. Yet the subject seemed to deserve further consideration.

Which are actually the happiest years for the woman who follows the normal course; the woman who, at about twenty-five, marries, and in the early thirties finds herself with one or even two young children?

It is a question which in any case cannot be settled for every woman, for individual circumstances must play a large part.

The girl who had just come of age and who rather dreaded what the next ten years might bring forth was lucky in possessing charming parents whom she would be unhappy in leaving. Had she been unfortunate in having uncongenial, inconsiderate parents, she might conceivably have spoken quite differently.

Again, how impossible it is to dogmatise in the face of marriages which turn out entirely differently from expectations?

But surely it is possible to find some sort of an answer in the case of the average woman, none of whose years are specially clouded by great sorrow or adverse circumstances.

There is, of course, no such thing as perfect happiness for any long period either

in childhood or in old age or in any of the years between. Somebody once compared life with a long, dusty and, for the most part, uninteresting road, shut in by monotonous walls, except for occasional oases along each part of the way.

These oases are our moments of intense happiness, the hours or days when we live in the fullest sense of the word. And such oases, moments when for a spell we touch the clouds, do occur in each and every phase of our existence.

MEMORY'S KINDNESS.

NOW in the instance of the average woman referred to above, is it true to say that there are more of such oases, and, therefore, more happiness at one stage of her life than at another? And, if so, which age is it—girlhood, young womanhood, middle, or old age?

The first and most serious difficulty one finds oneself up against in attempting to find any sort of answer is the not unnatural human tendency to find the past incredibly romantic, and the present hopelessly dull. The reason for this inclination is not far to seek, the psychological explanation being that we forget past sorrows and remember kindly past joys. In this respect memory is kind.

For this reason only it is useless to question a young girl on the subject. How can she know what the future has in store for her? She can only base her opinion on hearsay, which is notoriously unreliable. She knows that life is gay and irresponsible; that for her it consists of a succession of dances, parties at which she has her admirers—and admiration is sweet. How can she realise that what is to come—the, to her, humdrum prospect of motherhood—can hold a happiness which is in any degree comparable?

Nor is young womanhood a very much more reliable guide. She may find the cares of motherhood exacting compared with what she imagines her girlhood, in retrospect, was like. She may very probably romance over the past, remembering its wonderful

moments, and forgetting its pain, which, in the nature of things, it must have had.

THE VERDICT.

THERE is but one person to whom one can confidently go for an answer. That is to the old lady who has lived her life, and who can consequently see her memories in correct perspective.

What is her verdict?

She sees life as it really is—as a climb, followed by a descent. She has travelled almost the whole of the way, and she has known all the happiness which is a woman's lot at each stage of the journey. So far has she travelled that she can judge dispassionately, without bias. And I am quite certain that if she is a normal woman she will give one answer, and one answer only.

It will be to the effect that the happiest phase of a woman's life is during those worrying years when she has the task of caring for the souls and bodies of her young children.

She may add that it was not very much happier than her girlhood and middle-age, each of which had their charms, but she will, I am sure, persist, that on the whole it was the happiest phase; the richest, fullest years.

Is her answer not perfectly logical?

It seems reasonable that the pinnacle of life's happiness should occur during those years when a woman is on the crest of life's journey; when she is at her best in every respect, and this usually coincides with when she is newly married with a young child.

Almost every woman who has lived her life will confirm this, although probably she did not realise it at the time. We are, after all, frequently most happy when the word itself is absent from our mind.

We are, too, most happy when we are fulfilling our destiny; when we are doing just what Nature intended us to do. Surely in motherhood the average woman finds the supreme avenue of self-expression. It follows that in this stage of her life she experiences the highest form of happiness that it can offer.

If only she did always realise it at the time!



Windsor Castle as seen from an aeroplane above the Home Park.

Now that spring is almost here, Windsor Castle shakes itself free of the grey shadows and the river mists and invites the world to come and see its beauty, learn its stories and look out over the Thames Valley from its broad terraces. If our love for Windsor Castle has become a little faded during the winter, Mr. Bolitho's article will stir it to life again.

WINDSOR CASTLE

BY HECTOR BOLITHO.

THE old imaginative guides who show you over Windsor Castle will tell you rich stories of the past, of the procession of Kings who have built up its wonderful history.

"These are the Dean's cloisters, where Henry the Eighth first saw Anne Boleyn sitting at that window. His ghost still moans here at night."

And "This stone ceiling was hand-carved in the reign of Henry the Third, and was very handsome when new."

But these are stories of the lower ward, where ecclesiastical powers have created and maintained the chapel of the Order of the Garter, ever since it was founded, 575 years ago.

THE KING'S PICTURES.

OUR immediate interest is the upper ward, where the Royal apartments look out over the Park, which is still haunted by Herne the Hunter, where Queen Elizabeth shot buck and where Falstaff was carried on his ignominious journey in the basket.

The most lenient critic could not say that Windsor Castle is beautiful in detail; *en masse*, it is, perhaps, the most impressive castle in the world, but its Gothic detail offends the purist. It is almost surrounded by park land—indeed, I recollect an American undergraduate who, on seeing the Castle for the first time, said "It would make a jolly good country club."

Within the walls about this upper ward are the Library and the State Apartments overlooking the river. Few people realise what

a precious collection of pictures, drawings and books is contained in the Library and the State Apartments.

There are only 900 Leonardo da Vinci drawings in the world, and of these 500 are owned by the King. The value of this collection can be imagined when it is remembered that a mere fragmentary Leonardo da Vinci sketch was sold the other day for £2,500. These and the famous Holbein drawings were purchased by Charles II. The Royal collection of drawings is supposed to be the finest in the world.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST.

THE King's Library is not without its ghost, for Queen Elizabeth has been seen crossing the spaces of the great room. The library of to-day was divided into her rooms when she was Queen, and this fact, no doubt, explains her ghostly presence.

In one little niche, overlooking the river, Queen Anne was sitting when they brought her the news of Blenheim. This part of the Castle is not open to the public, but the State Apartments are accessible almost every day. Their walls are covered with magnificent pictures by the world's masters, and they include the famous Van Dyke room. It is from the State Apartments that you look out at the most beautiful landscape seen from the hill on which the Castle is built.

You see the far-away church at Stoke Poges, where Gray's "forefathers of the hamlet sleep." No longer does the ploughman plod his weary way across the fields, for they are covered with lines of unpleasant little villas, yellowish in colour, with red roofs. But the trees are kind enough to hide most of them when you look out from the terrace.

Between Stoke Poges and the Castle you see Eton Chapel, and, nearer, the river itself, blue, and flecked with swans, which move, like white foam, towards the weir.

FALSTAFF AND HERNE THE HUNTER.

PEOPLE who love *The Merry Wives of Windsor* would find their greatest enthusiasm in the park in front of the Castle, for here you may trace many of the scenes of the play; the way by which Falstaff was carried in the laundry basket, the chalk pit where he slept, and even the location of Herne's Oak. Herne, the ghostly hunter from whom Shakespeare took the theme of Falstaff's impersonation in the play.

Herne the Hunter was no mere Elizabethan ghost; every now and again somebody hears his hounds and horn, and his horse's hoofs, all in a ghostly procession of sound, across the park. The King's golf course has been made over this romantic stretch of grass, but even a golf ball of the twentieth century has not frightened the ghost away.

But ghosts and the kings of England have not been the only great people moving within the rooms of Windsor Castle. In the reign of Edward the Third, King David of Scotland and John of France were both imprisoned in Windsor, and it is believed that Edward the Third extended the Castle and enriched it from their ransoms. John of France was made prisoner after Poitiers, in 1356.

A ROYAL LOVE STORY.

THE romance of Windsor's imprisoned Kings belongs to King James of Scotland, who was locked in the Devil's Tower by Henry the Fifth. King James was a boy then. He had been crossing to France to complete his education when he was seized

and brought to England, imprisoned in various places, including the Tower of London, before he was taken to Windsor Castle in 1413.

For many years he looked out on a world of grey stone, and glimpses of the Thames Valley, until romance came to him when he saw Jane Beaufort walking in the Castle garden, made in the moat below his window. This garden still almost surrounds the Round Tower of Windsor Castle.

The young King broke into an ecstasy of verse and enlivened his imprisonment by falling in love with her. An imprisoned King was at a disadvantage in laying his love before a free lady of the Court, who was also the King's half-niece, so he wrote his devotion into poetry, so fine that it has survived the intervening centuries and is still remembered. King James was a captive for sixteen years, until he was ransomed in 1424. But his poetry had not fallen on deaf ears, and he eventually married Jane Beaufort.

VICTORIAN REMINISCENCES.

THESE are but few of the stories of the history book. Much of Windsor's romance is more immediate and within the memory of living people. It was Windsor that Queen Victoria loved best of all her English palaces, and it was to the Castle that she retired when the Prince Consort died in 1861. Thus Windsor became the centre of the Victorian court.

It was in St. George's Chapel that King Edward was married to his Danish princess—when the future Kaiser, still a boy, shocked the young Victorian princesses by tearing the Cairn gorm out of the head of his dirk and pitching it to the other side of the choir, "for the sake of an excitement." The succession of pomp and tragedies which have made the story of Windsor Castle, up to the Victorian régime, seemed to end in an age of peace, dignity and hard work, when the Queen herself retired from the world and spent her widowhood in the Castle. There she brought up her children so carefully that when Princess Beatrice made her first journey through the town of Windsor, she came home and said to one of the ladies-in-waiting, "Oh, I never knew there was stays in shops."

There was a homelike happiness about



The most salient part of the Castle, the Round Tower, which is visible for miles around.

Queen Victoria's court which still evades the historians, because it was evident only to those people who were closely drawn into the royal household. It is more as a woman than as a ruler that Queen Victoria made her impression on Windsor Castle.

In one corner of the park, behind a high hedge, are the little flower beds in which her children were taught to be gardeners. She loved her dogs, and their graves, in various parts of the park, are marked by bronze figures of the dogs themselves.

THE EX-KAISER'S SOLICITUDE.

DURING the war, England lived in fear of the destruction of the Castle from the air. Zeppelins were a danger the Castle architects had never taken into account. The Tudors felt very safe, in the early days, with the oak gates, a drawbridge, and still another barrier at the Norman gate, where they had holes overhead, through which to pour hot oil or molten lead on the heads of unwelcome visitors.

But such defences were useless when Germany sent her Zeppelins over the peaceful green stretches of the Thames Valley. The aeroplane photograph of the Castle shows what a magnificent and easy target it was for the Zeppelins in their raids. There are millions of pounds' worth of pictures and drawings and other treasures in the Castle, and it was a vital spot in the English landscape.

It is believed that the Kaiser himself ordered its protection, thinking, no doubt, he'd raise the German flag on its tower when the war was over. The Kaiser knew Windsor well as a boy, and his dreams of English conquest may have been nursed there.

But neither the ambitions of the Kaiser nor the ravages of Cromwell or any others who have coveted the Castle of Windsor have affected the solidity or disturbed the romantic stream of its history. And even to-day, although we need the perspective of time to see them, the Castle is accumulating new chapters of history, especially during Easter, when the court goes there.

HOUSE OF TRADITION.

BUT whatever the new history is it becomes at Windsor strangely affected by the old. For here is a house of long traditions of great personages, and associated with many important stages and phases of English history. In a land of noble and historic castles Windsor stands perhaps first in the reverent affection of the people. Nothing occurs to mar its beauty or to disturb its settled peace. It remains a stronghold of all those things we cherish most.

Little wonder then that the Royal Family have for Windsor Castle such strong and abiding affections. For them it is a great home in a lovely part of England—the first country house in the land—if one may so term it. For when the Court goes to Windsor it becomes a Royal town with a dignity of its own, and then the tourists from the Midlands, London, and America, go down into the Thames Valley to see the Castle free from the great gloom of winter, the banks where the daffodils are already turning yellow at the nose, and the river upon which the swans glide out into the first shafts of spring's sunlight.



From the East Terrace an excellent view of the Castle may be obtained.

Ideal Gardens for

By Marion Cran

Gardeners who visit the Ideal Home Exhibition will be able to pick up many valuable hints for the improvement of their gardens, whether town or country.

hung with wisteria in full glory of bloom.

The old mill garden was in quite another key. It breathed of the English landscape, and of an ancient peace. A water-wheel beside an old wall in a pastoral land; where green banks and fields, trees and the silver



"The end of a villa garden" with its small summerhouse and planted borders.

THE Garden Section of the Ideal Home Exhibition was, when one came to consider it, actually a witty note-book, full of clever, amusing, or poetic ideas for the thousands of a flower-loving public which by now have passed through its flowery halls.

There was a remarkable range of suggestions, suitable to a diversity of tastes and of pockets; in view of the extraordinary difficulties put up by the bitter weather, which meant in many cases pickaxing the plants out of the ground to get them to Olympia, our nurserymen deserved sincere congratulations on their effort.

Coming out of an icy raking Nor' East wind into those gardens on the opening day was rather like landing suddenly in some Elysian Isle after a bitter sea-passage. One minute there were the drab bleak streets, and the next the scent and colour of flowers, the coo of doves and splash of waterfalls, where golden daffodils and purple crocus, rosy peach-bloom and curtains of wisteria gleamed down to silent pools.

One saw a Japanese garden, and presently a topiary; then an old water-mill, and there a London back garden; ... a carnation garden, a witchball garden, a children's garden, and a Roman tile garden; ... a rock-and-water garden modelled on a dale in the Mendip Hills—there was a summerhouse garden, too; ... and the garden of a secret pool. To give the conventional ballast to such lightsome fancies there were also the usual sunk formal design and its common or garden relations.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

THESE attractive exhibition gardens are not really intended to be swallowed whole; they are rather suggestions intended for adaptation. The interesting thing for

the prospective garden-maker to do at exhibitions and flower-shows is to consider the motif in each design, and having selected that which most appeals, to assimilate the idea with a view to seeing whether it will harmonise with the soil and contours of his own home-site; and then to invoke the nurseryman's practical assistance; preserving, so, the priceless gleam of individuality, which is the real charm of any garden.

The two most ambitious designs at Olympia were the "old mill" and the Japanese gardens. Of these, the latter, very carefully laid out under the direction of a Japanese expert, is the kind of garden which is made within a garden; mannered, precious, and also expensive.

I have seen such in Honolulu and liked them well; in Britain they will always remain, I believe, the preference of the few who understand their symbolism, tradition, and conventions. It was a very nice Japanese garden, composing itself into a picture from every conceivable angle; the six snow lanterns were cut from granite carefully chosen for colour tone, the paths were of beaten sand and shingle, as they should be, the banks of the stream stood behind retaining walls of short pine logs neatly placed side by side, there was the correct "three-stone" bridge, and the rough pine bridge; there were flowering cherries, irises, bamboos; and a temple in the midst



A suggestion of the English landscape is introduced in the "Old Mill Garden."

stream make by themselves a picture of great beauty; it is a picture familiar enough to every wayfarer.

The idea of naturalising scapes of bulbs on the grassy slopes and of planting flowering shrubs with discretion among the native trees was a good one; a hint which I suspect many will be quick to follow.

In such a case, where the picture is already planned on lines of the finest natural beauty, any attempt at elaboration or formal design would be an offence; the opportunity is one for restrained and exquisite taste.

ON THE MENDIPS.

A WATER-GARDEN of quite another type was that "pool on the Mendip Hills" where the designer had used his skill to frame a series of pretty pools dropping

Ideal Homes

down among rocks and heather, and quiet grassy slopes; soft grey stone under the incomparable grace of silver birches touched the senses with sweet tranquillity. It was essentially a peaceful garden, designed primarily to give the pleasure of rock-and-water planting with a very modest bill for water-rate; an important consideration.

The witchball garden was one in which the natural contours had been left to show what can be done by mere colour planting. It was a small garden, and, in the centre, on a stone pedestal, was a large silver ball, a "mirror globe" somebody called it, but I have always before heard these things described as "witch-balls"; one can get them in rich royal blue, or soft mauve, or black, as well as in silver.

They were used a good deal some two hundred years ago, and I suspect that Mr. Pope had one in his affected



"The witch-ball garden," which is very effective if it is cleverly designed and with understanding.



A vision of the Mendips is conjured up by the rocks from Cheddar and the pool.

little garden at Twickenham. It is amusing to see the shocked way in which people will turn away from the shining globe; they see in it only the tinsel of a Christmas tree, and they are grieved at such loud and vulgar ways in a garden.

But the witch-balls are really most enchanting, and I have enjoyed their company on more than one occasion when I have found them cleverly placed in understanding gardens. The ball is about eighteen inches in diameter, and within the full circle of this sphere all the garden picture from left to right is shown in its true colours in miniature, but the proportions are changed; a small lawn becomes there a large park, making a happy fantasy; but if it is placed too near to buildings the reflections of near-by overshadowing verticals are distorted by mirror curvature.

the selection of its place. There were also in that Ideal Home witch-ball garden some excellent small "sink" gardens.

GARDENS FOR LONDON.

A DESIGN which must have interested hundreds of London gardeners was that called "the end of a villa garden." It showed the rounding off of a lawn with a small summerhouse and planted borders, all planned to the scale of the usual measurements of land available in this type of house.

It was a good, sound, useful affair, containing some nice varieties of flowering shrubs suitable to town conditions, forsythias, viburnums, lilacs, magnolia, etc., and of these a brace of Russell's Weepers were the most attractive. That shrub is a weeping form of *Malus Floribunda*, of real decorative value in the small town gardens

which must in the nature of things be more or less formal.

The children's garden was really an open-air nursery, based on the story of Peter Pan; there were a cement fairy castle, a cement crocodile, cement dwarfs and cement rabbits in quantity, all set in a mossy glade of violets and a dripping waterfall.

One might sit there, lost, and hear the quiet clang of the gardener's spade over the wall, or the crying of the jays robbing his peas; in front the mirrored sky upon a secret pool, set round with bleeding heart, and daphnes; primulas and tulips.



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The Economic Aspects of Safeguarding

By Douglas Graham

Free Trade is not a national system at all; it is a world system and it ceased to be applicable to this country when, in the early part of last century, overseas investments of capital began. To-day some four thousand million pounds of British capital are invested overseas.

IT is a somewhat curious reflection that, in a very few months' time, the people of this country, millions of whom were not qualified to vote before, the vast majority entirely ignorant of economics, will be called upon to decide between two policies of a purely economic nature—Safeguarding and Socialism; for there can be little doubt that these will be the main issues at the General Election.

Now to explain an economic question to those who know nothing of economics, and care less, is by no means easy. Yet everybody must realise that material welfare and most earthly happiness depend first and foremost on their jobs and the wages they earn. They must know, also, that their hopes and desires are more likely to be gratified when there are two jobs for one man rather than two men for one job. This obvious reflection at once suggests itself to us that it is a piece of monumental folly to buy millions of pounds' worth of goods from foreign industries, employing foreign workmen, when we could buy the same goods from British industries employing British workmen.

We all know perfectly well, for instance, that, if we support the local shop with our custom, the local shop-keeper benefits thereby; whereas, if we transfer our custom to the London stores, the local man suffers. Why should it be any different, then, in the case where, instead of supporting a British industry, we transfer our custom to a foreign industry? The plain truth of the matter is that it is not different, but a vast amount of misplaced subtlety and ingenuity has been expended, only too successfully, by Free Traders in order to persuade us that such a difference exists: that in fact, when it comes to international trade, the best way to support home industry is to support foreign industry—truly a remarkable paradox!

"EXPORTS PAY FOR IMPORTS."

LET us see how this curious conclusion is arrived at. For the most part, it is by means of what may be called "the exports

pay for imports" argument, the gist of which is that since exports pay for imports, and since exports are the produce of British labour, imports can not be the cause of unemployment as British labour is employed to pay for them. Further, it is argued that if imports are reduced, there will be less payment to be made, and therefore less labour will be required in the production of exports.

Such is the argument which has been used times without number, and it still remains the main theoretic stock-in-trade of the common or garden Free Trader (as distinct from the economist). And it is the most childish error imaginable, based entirely upon a misunderstanding of the meaning of the words "export" and "import" as used

This is merely one instance of what are known as "invisible exports," or services, and the true meaning of the phrase "exports pay for imports" is no more than this, that the sum-total of all the goods we sell, *plus* all the services of every kind which we render to the rest of the world, "pays for," or balances, the sum-total of all that the rest of the world sells to us, whether goods or services also. It will thus be seen that the phrase is no more than a kind of affirmation—one trusts an unnecessary one—of national solvency, since evidently, in the complete sense of the words "export and import," barring bankruptcy, exports always pays for imports, and *vice versa*.

CAPITAL EMPLOYS LABOUR.

THIS fact, however, has nothing whatever to do with employment—which rather spoils it from the Free Trade point of view!—for the plain truth is that the rendering of services is not synonymous with the employment of labour, by any manner of means.

In 1928, for example (according to *The Economist*) we received imports to the value of £285 millions, simply as interest on our overseas investments. This "service" (i.e., lending

the capital) no more represents the employment of labour than does sitting in a chair while one's dividends accumulate at the bank.

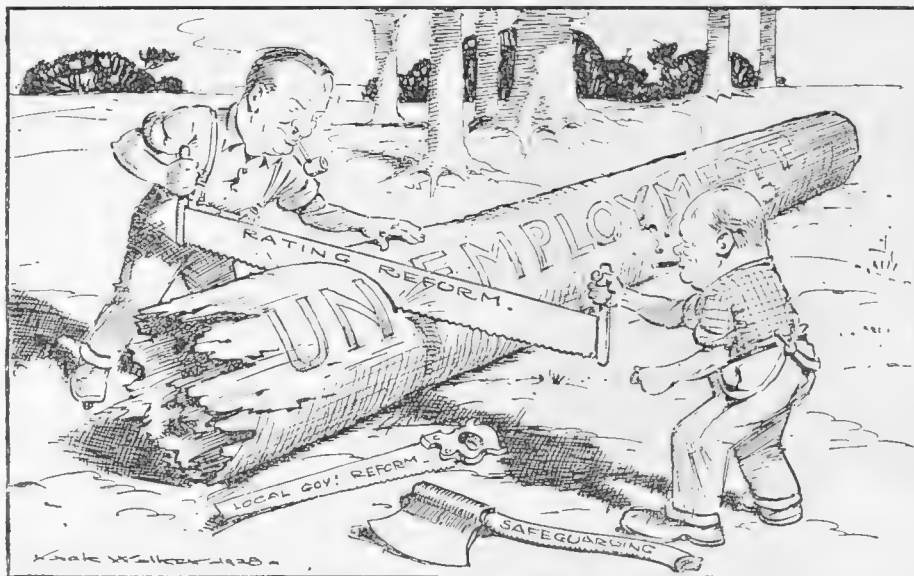
It is the capital itself that employs labour—not the receipt of the interest by the capitalist—and the capital we are here concerned with is abroad.

Our net invisible exports (that is, the surplus of our national services over similar services rendered to us by the rest of the world) were, in 1928, no less than £505 millions, and of this vast total, one item, and one only, can justly be said to represent the employment of labour—the services of our shipping industry.

There is, in fact, no reason whatever,

either theoretical or practical, why we should not make at home millions of pounds' worth of goods now imported, employing entirely additional labour to any that is employed now, and, far from reducing our export trade, have every opportunity of largely increasing it.

The really interesting thing about Free Trade is that it is not a *national* system at all; it is a world system, and that only, and it ceased to be even theoretically applicable to a nation—ours, for example—when, in the early part of the last century, overseas investments of capital began. For the "national" theory supposes that capital will stay at home; a supposition wrong to-day to the extent of some four thousand millions pounds of British capital invested overseas.



Cutting the "un" off unemployment.

—from "Man in the Street."

in the phrase "exports pay for imports."

In normal speech, of course, the words imply goods, merchandise, the produce of labour; and as far as these go, our exports do *not* pay for our imports to the extent (in 1928) of £353 millions. But in our precious phrase, which has misled so many, the words have a far wider meaning, and an "export" may consist in the mere fact that one's grandfather invested his money abroad: the "export" here is the "service" the fortunate grandson does to some overseas country in continuing to lend it the capital, for which this country receives imported commodities as interest, the value of which, by exchange, is duly accredited to the owner of the capital.

The Cure *for* UNEMPLOYMENT

Further encouragement of Empire trade, increased migration to the Colonies, and relief work not only in this country but throughout the Empire would all help towards the solution of the unemployment problem.

By Dr. L. Haden Guest, M.C.

THE industrial success and prosperity of Great Britain has been built upon the basis of a trade which has exported goods to every quarter of the world.

The cure for unemployment and industrial depression must therefore be sought over an area equally great. The remedy for unemployment in Great Britain depending on a world export trade cannot be completely found in Great Britain alone, but must depend largely on a control of the conditions of trading in our world market.

It may seem at first sight that the control of conditions in world-markets is beyond the powers of any British industrial organisation or of any British government. But this is by no means the case, for it is here that Foreign policy and Empire policy are brought into immediate touch with trade.

The maintenance of Peace has always been a first interest of Great Britain, because on Peace depends the security of the markets in which British trade can operate. And the brilliant successes of Locarno and the recent treaty concluded by Sir Austen Chamberlain with China are only two examples of events in the world of high policy which are of immediate interest to the overseas trader and to the British producer who makes the goods he sells. And this is apart from all the benefits which come to trade from trade treaties, conventions and arrangements concluded with foreign countries. There is also the hope that in the future the League of Nations and the International Labour Office may be able to more directly assist trade by securing a levelling up of labour conditions in countries of low standard of life.

TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

BUT in the sphere of Empire trade we can control trading conditions much more directly. The best interests of all parts of the Empire are served by increasing the volume of inter-Imperial trade. And it can be seen, by examining the statistics of the export trade of Great Britain over a period of fifty years, that while our trade with the foreign world tends to move relatively downwards, our trade with the Empire, with that quarter of the world under the British flag, tends to keep steady or to move upwards.

Already by the use of Empire Preference between Great Britain and the Dominions, and between different Dominions, an advantage is given to Empire trade. And by the policy of Empire Migration under the Empire Settlement Act a more rational distribution of population inside the Empire is being favoured. And it should be remembered that every successfully settled man or woman in the overseas Empire becomes at once an added purchaser of British goods to a much larger extent than if he had remained

poorly paid or unemployed in Great Britain or had gone overseas to a foreign country.

ENCOURAGE MIGRATION.

A MORE vigorous prosecution of a forward Empire policy, a go-ahead migration organisation, and a campaign to direct capital investment to the Colonies and Dominions to a greater extent than at present will produce big changes in the unemployment situation.

We ought to migrate at least 200,000 men and women a year, letting the young adventurous people have the first opportunity, and so leaving more room in this country for others. Migration cannot, and



L. G. CALLING!

In his speech setting forth the Liberal Party's General Election policy Mr. Lloyd George said that if the Liberals were returned to power they would put into immediate operation schemes which would reduce unemployment in one year to normal proportions.

should not, be imposed on anyone, but the magnificent opportunities waiting overseas should be brought more vividly before the attention especially of the younger people in this country.

A vigorous migration policy alone would very greatly help unemployment.

But what else can be done? Any discussion on unemployment very soon comes back to the old relief schemes which are trotted out by men and women of all parties and which have their great use. The building of roads, the drainage of land, the reclamation of foreshores, the afforestation of hilly country, and so on.

Now all these are good, but in practice any government finds that it soon reaches the saturation point of relief work. That is, any government raising money to spend in relief work soon reaches the point at which the raising of the money causes a greater burden than the relief it gives. The fact is, that relief work only "pays" by raising the capital value of the country, and we have not the money to do this at more than a certain rate.

Relief work in this country is a useful expedient but its usefulness is limited. But why confine relief work to this country? There are thousands of square miles of land in Canada which need clearing and which, when cleared, can become fertile land. There are thousands of square miles of land in Australia which need clearing and preparing for agriculture.

In Australia much land to be useful for farming has to have led upon it water in pipe-lines to serve the uses of the farmers and their farm stock. There is much land also in other parts of the Empire of which big scale labour development is required.

And in the Dominions and Colonies overseas this relief work would immediately "pay," because it would add great value to land which is at present undeveloped but which, when cleared and prepared, would become immediately productive and immediately available for settlement.

PEACE-TIME LABOUR BATTALIONS.

RELIEF work to employ hundreds of thousands of the unemployed can be found in a big project of the development of Empire farming lands. The men employed might very well be enlisted in peace-time Labour Battalions and could be sent to attack undeveloped Nature on the "Empire front."

There are immense projects possible for enterprises so organised which are so entirely outside the normal economic life of, say, Australia or Canada, that they would not in any way interfere with the normal conditions of employment in those countries except by creating more opportunities for development and so increasing employment.

Land cleared and ready for cultivation in Canada or Australia or other part of the Empire has an added value which is easily reckoned in pounds, shillings and pence. And the existence of large tracts of this land would enormously simplify the problem of land settlement.

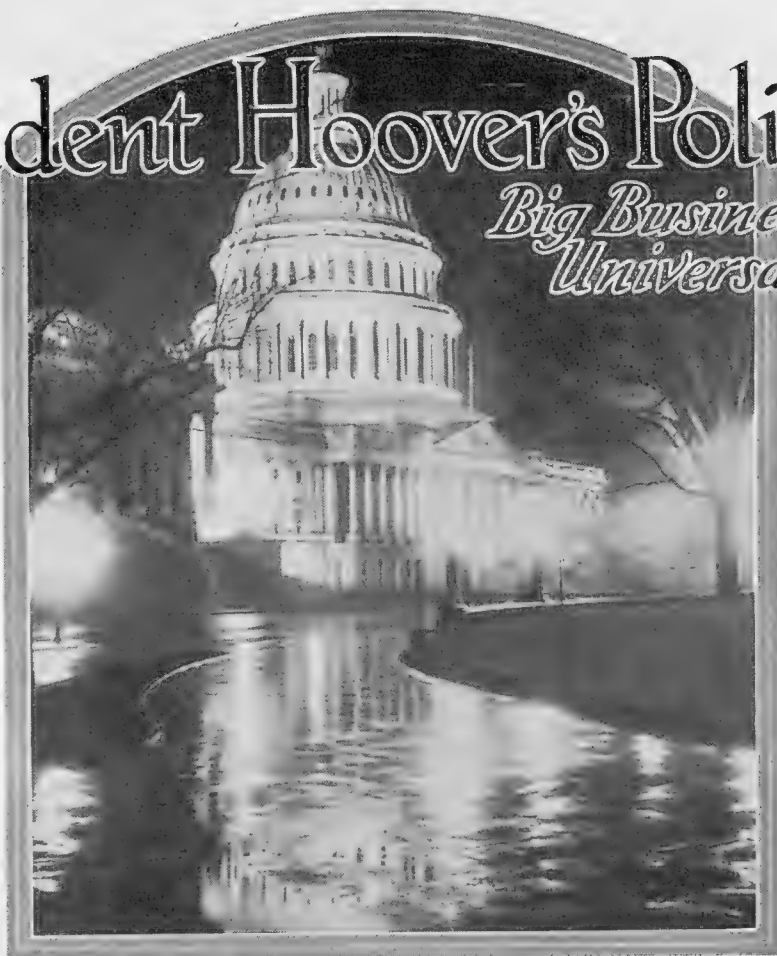
It is the preliminary clearing and preparation work that the migrant finds most difficult and most expensive. But it is precisely this preliminary clearing and preparation work which organised Labour Battalions, equipped with the proper tools, could do not only best but cheapest.

APPLY EMPIRE REMEDIES.

YES, the unemployment of Great Britain could be solved—by statesmen who have the courage to take a wide Empire view and apply the Empire remedies which lie to our hands.

President Hoover's Policy

Big Business and Universal Peace



The Capitol at Washington, which was brilliantly illuminated when Mr. Herbert Hoover was elected President of the U.S.A.

By

WILLIS J.

ABBOT

(the well-known American publicist)

NO President of the United States since the days of Thomas Jefferson has come to that office with anything like the extensive knowledge of foreign conditions and of foreign thought as that enjoyed by Herbert Hoover. And even Jefferson, in his somewhat primitive day, was informed only as to France. The presidents between Jefferson and Hoover have been in the main home-keeping folk; few of whom have even enjoyed the educative influence of a summer's tour abroad.

Hoover is, of course, a cosmopolitan. Indeed, the charge was freely made against him during the campaign that he was more of a foreigner than an American, and more of a "Britisher" than anything else. He was able to disprove both charges so far as his national affiliations and interests were concerned, but the fact remains that of his mature years prior to his assuming charge of the Department of Commerce at Washington eight years ago, the majority had been spent in foreign lands.

This experience should be of incalculable advantage to a president assuming office at this moment when the United States more than ever in its history is involved socially, politically, and economically in world-wide conditions. And, indeed, much of Secretary Hoover's experience during his eight years of government service just ended was in dealing with international problems. It is no secret in Washington that he developed the Foreign Trade Bureau of the United States in its personnel and its efficiency to such an extent as to arouse the outspoken jealousy of the State Department. His agents, wholly destitute as they were of that aura which dignifies a diplomat, quietly prosecuted their work in every country of the world, and gathered with efficiency unhampered by fuss or feathers data which the American business man had been long vainly endeavouring to secure through the Consular Service. It is not too much to say that as Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover was better informed through his agents as to economic, commercial, and industrial conditions in foreign countries than was the Secretary of State, and possibly quite as well-informed as to political conditions.

President Hoover's administration is likely to be marked by strenuous and extensive efforts to increase the growth of American trade and the influence of American finance in all parts of the world, coupled with endeavours to assure universal peace.

THE WOOING OF SOUTH AMERICA.

DESPITE this experience and intellectual equipment, Mr. Hoover comes to office with singularly few commitments as to a foreign policy. Perhaps the only point upon which he may definitely be quoted is his determination to make of South and Central America a leading territory for the extension of American relationships and influences. His visit to South America between the period of his election and assuming office was an innovation in American politics.

Usually a President-elect, during this brief period of relaxation, seeks some sequestered spot, inaccessible to the lesser class of office-seekers, where he may rest, meet the major party leaders, work out the problem of his Cabinet and principal nominees, and write his inaugural address. Hoover, however, within a week of his election was on a battleship headed for that section of the world in which, perhaps, the popularity of the United States is at its lowest.

None of us Americans are blind to the fact that the South American states do not love us. Some of us admit that good cause has

been given for South American resentment and apprehension of too much dominance on the part of the colossus of the North. Mr. Hoover went South to study for himself the conditions which exist there, and so far as might be possible in a brief visit, to ameliorate and correct them. Returning, he has announced to intimate friends that in his foreign policy, the development of more intimate and amicable relations with South America is to play a leading part.

He has discovered that as a rule only diplomats of the second, or even a lower class, are sent to the South American countries. As a rule, when a politician has had not enough influence to get a legation in Europe, he has been sent off to some South American state, with the result that except in one or two instances the diplo-

matic and consular representatives of the United States in the country, which is rapidly coming to furnish its greatest market, have been quite inadequate in intellectual capacity or social standing for the positions they occupy. It will be Mr. Hoover's primary endeavour to correct this position. He has said that he will send nobody to South America in the future who does not speak Spanish fluently.

He recognises the fact that an envoy to a country of Continental Europe who may not speak the local tongue is not thought the less of for that reason by the people to whom he is accredited. English is understood practically everywhere, while if a diplomat has a command of French, which unhappily too many Americans have not, he is on a par with anyone. But the South American countries seem to discern a certain disrespect to their national traditions when an envoy ignorant of the Spanish tongue is accredited to them. If he can speak French it is well, but one with English only encounters at once not merely the embarrassment resulting from difficulty in making himself understood, but the positive hostility of the people

tenacious of tradition, and who think that the world should recognise the fact that they go to make up Spanish-speaking America. Accordingly Mr. Hoover is determined to appoint not only first-rate diplomats, but diplomats who can speak Spanish, to foreign posts hereafter.

DIPLOMATS AND MONEY.

PERHAPS he may find this task of some difficulty. The United States Diplomatic Service is organised on the principle that the nation cannot afford to pay its representatives abroad salaries commensurate with the dignity of the position, but must rely upon their dipping into their private means for the maintenance of their establishments.

I remember one Ambassador to London who told me toward the end of his two-year term that it would take him at least four years to earn the money he had borrowed to maintain himself at the Court of St. James's.

I recall also an anecdote bearing immediately upon the subject of Spanish-American posts. The late Senator Kern of Indiana once

told me that he was going to urge an Indiana man upon President Wilson for the position of Ambassador to Mexico. I asked him later how the interview turned out.

"The President said," he replied, "that he thought the situation in Mexico a very delicate one, and that he would only appoint a man who spoke Spanish fluently, and who was willing to spend at least \$50,000 a year of his own money in keeping up the dignity of the office."

"What did you answer?" I said to the Senator.

"I said to him, My God, Mr. President, out in Indiana if a man has worked hard enough to be able to spend \$50,000 a year in keeping up the dignity of an office, he has usually not had time to learn the English language correctly, to say nothing of Spanish."

It may be of interest to know that the appointee selected afterwards by President Wilson was Mr. Harry P. Fletcher, now American Ambassador at Rome. Mr. Fletcher accompanied Mr. Hoover on his South American trip, but does not appear to be slated for a South American post, and indeed probably would not care for one.

NO FOREIGN POLICY?

TURNING from South America to Europe, one finds Mr. Hoover singularly free from any commitments as to his foreign policy. I have taken occasion recently to run through his more formal campaign speeches and to study his utterances on foreign affairs. In most of these speeches he did not touch the subject at all. If

foreign relations were mentioned it was only in their bearing upon the foreign trade of the United States. An English statesman, contesting a general election, would be amazed at the spectacle of a national figure able thus to evade or ignore questions relative to the overseas policy of his nation.

But as a matter of fact foreign affairs are not a political issue in this country now. There is a great body of good citizens

passionately devoted to the League of Nations, but who, even at present, do not urge any steps for the present participation of the United States in that body. Most of them are content with the gradual drift of the nation into closer affiliation with the League, and participation in other international bodies.

Ten years ago Mr. Hoover was a pronounced advocate of the association of the United States with the League. I have no way of judging his present convictions, but I suspect that at heart he is still friendly to that organisation, and will do nothing to check the apparently steady progress of the Government into closer association with it.

Nothing can be judged of his attitude on this subject, or other European problems, from his selection of a Secretary of State. Colonel Henry L. Stimson, who at this writing seems assured of that office, won his spurs so far as diplomacy is concerned in Spanish-American service. He was a special representative of the President in Nicaragua, and has just retired as Governor-General of the Philippines. But he was with the American Expeditionary forces in France, and his affiliations are largely with advocates of the League. He, like his chief in the White House, will probably maintain an attitude of friendliness toward the Geneva organisation, but without pushing for American entrance into it.

A DESIRE FOR PEACE.

BUT to recur to Mr. Hoover's speeches; in one only, that being the address in which he accepted the Presidential nomination, did he lay any stress upon foreign affairs, and even in that speech, which was a voluminous one, the paragraphs relative to the relations of the United States with

the rest of the world came near the end and were inconspicuous. He declared:—

"Our foreign policy has one primary object, and that is peace. We have no hates; we wish no further possessions; we harbour no military threats. The unspeakable experience of the Great War, the narrow margin by which civilisation survived from its exhaustion, is still vivid in men's minds. There is no nation in the world to-day that does not earnestly wish for peace—that is not striving for peace."

But he went on to say that there were two co-operating factors in the maintenance of peace, namely, "the building of goodwill by wise and sympathetic handling of international relations, and the adequate preparedness for defence."

"A BRITISHER IN DISGUISE."

DURING the controversy over the recent bill providing for the construction of fifteen cruisers, Mr. Hoover was silent. Possibly he was glad to be free from the necessity of taking a stand, but the proprieties of the case obviously imposed silence upon him. Nor has he been able in these last days, when he stands in that twilight zone between the position of a distinguished private citizen and that of the President of the United States, to take any stand upon the question of the participation of this country in the World Court.

It is apparent, however, from his past utterances, not merely the acceptance speech, but utterances prior to his nomination, that he will very fully and enthusiastically back up all intelligent plans for the maintenance of peace by international co-operation, all projects for the substitution of arbitration for war, all enterprises designed to maintain more harmonious relations between nations.

I am convinced that he believes with most Americans that in the maintenance of a

perfect and amicable understanding between the English-speaking nations there rests the strongest hope for the maintenance of universal peace. Yet you may search his political speeches in vain for an enunciation of this conviction. It is fair to state that throughout the campaign he was perhaps silently on the defensive because of the insinuations of his enemies that he was a "Britisher" in disguise, a member of London clubs, and one who narrowly escaped honours at the hands of the British government.

It is reported here that he has tendered, unsuccessfully, the appointment of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's to President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. If this be a fact, it would be indicative of a desire more

closely to unite the English-speaking nations, as President Lowell is one of a family of English descent, and representative of that great body of American citizens who are proud of their affiliations with the mother country.

(Continued overleaf.)



Mr. Herbert Hoover, who was officially inaugurated as President of the United States of America in succession to Mr. Coolidge last week.



Colonel Henry L. Stimson, who has just retired from the important post of Governor-General of the Philippines, is to be Mr. Hoover's Secretary of State.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S POLICY—(continued)

IT may be accepted as a truism that the diplomacy of the Hoover Administration will be conducted very largely for the development of American trade and the protection of American finance in foreign lands. It is not fair to say that because of this it will be without idealism. Certainly no man more than Hoover himself has proved his willingness to slave for an ideal, or to labour in the cause of humanity, without material considerations.

But he is one of those who firmly believe that upon the foundation of good business must be erected the edifices of high ideals. He will leave nothing undone to accomplish enduring peace, but in his heart all the time will be the feeling that out of this is going to come added prosperity, not only for his own country, but for all the world. He has declared himself, for example, as against the cancellation of the war debts, but he will unquestionably be for such a solution of the reparations problem, which, of course, will go over into his Administration, and such an amendment of the existing debt agreements as will contribute most to economic reconstruction in Europe. Such a policy will be none the less advantageous to the world because it is undertaken with the primary purpose of material profit.

STRAIGHT LINE FOR OLD LINE.

MR. HOOVER is impatient with old-time diplomacy. He has the engineer's conviction of the advantages of a straight line toward an end sought. The circuitous methods of the State Department have long come in for his condemnation, and explicit reports in the newspapers that he intends a very material remodelling of that department and the diplomatic service have not aroused one word of denial from him.

As Secretary of War Colonel Stimson was quietly efficient, and an able organiser. It is believed that under Mr. Hoover's direction he will very materially change the system under which the foreign service of the United States has been conducted.

It is reported, and generally

accepted as a fact, that Senator Borah might have been put in the position of Secretary of State had he been willing to accept it. This would seem to indicate a disinclination on the part of the President-elect to make a very pronounced gesture toward closer affiliations with international movements originating in Europe. Borah is, of course, one of the remaining irreconcilables in the Senate who fought the League to the finish. But, on the other hand, it is reported, and with some degree of credibility, that failing Borah, Mr. Hoover considered seriously the appointment of Dwight Morrow, now Ambassador to Mexico, as Secretary of State, but was deterred from appointing him by the feeling that he should finish his present task first.

Mr. Morrow would stand as more of an internationalist than Mr. Borah. The fact that either one, though their personal convictions are so diverse, would have been acceptable to Hoover would seem to indicate that, so far as policy is concerned, it is his purpose to be his own Secretary of State, relying upon the incumbent of that office to be the efficient means of giving effect to that policy.

TRADE AND PEACE.

AS I have said, this is largely speculative, as must be any consideration of the foreign policy of a man who has been singularly silent on the subject. But I think there can be no gainsaying the statement that, primarily, the efforts of the new Administration will be directed toward the extension of American trade and finance in every corner of the globe, and that, secondarily, every endeavour will be made to assure universal peace. The contacts of the United States with foreign governments will be made more intimate, and the personnel of the American diplomatic staff, especially in Central and South America, will unquestionably be greatly improved. Above all, it may confidently be expected, will rise the general policy of maintaining the closest and most amicable relations with the other great English-speaking nation, or group of nations, in the world.



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Radio-Gramophone Combinations

By ROBERT W. BEARE

WHILE we can ascertain approximately the number of radio sets in use in this country, and can estimate that, say, 25 per cent. only are crystal or single valve equipments incapable of operating a loud speaker, it is practically impossible to estimate the number of gramophones in use. If we could do so, however, it would be interesting still further to discover in how many homes possessing both radio sets and gramophones the introduction of an electrical pick-up has made it possible to combine the use of the two instruments to the greater advantage of each.

Personally I think that although "gramo-radio," as one may call it for convenience, is making steady progress, the numbers of converted sets are so far relatively small. This summer, however, will probably make a considerable difference, not only to the sale and use of expensive combined apparatus, but to the much more modest method of utilising existing instruments.

HOW THE GRAMOPHONE HELPS

THERE are many occasions when the wireless either cannot be used at all, owing to the prevalence of thunderstorms or atmospheric disturbances which are nuisances without being dangerous, or when the character of the broadcast programme is unsuitable to the needs of the moment. You cannot, if I may instance an absurdity, dance a fox-trot to the tune of a talk on beekeeping; and conversely "jazz" is somewhat unwelcome when a Prelude in A minor would consort better with one's mood.

True, the owner of a powerful set can usually tune in a more suitable programme from farther afield—if atmospheric do not spoil reception in summer time, and if the general reception conditions are not such as to make the wanted jazz from Berlin or Budapest too weak for the purposes of dancing.

Anyway, there is a degree of uncertainty in radio which the gramophone obviates; and it is worthy of note that although the set and the loud speaker are in use in "gramoradio," they are not subject to atmospherical disturbance, since aerial and earth may be shorted—in fact, it is better to disconnect at least the aerial from the set, quite apart from any question of lightning. If this is not done, and the set happens to have been left tuned in to a powerful station, faint strains of the music from that station will be heard when the gramophone is at rest, and this may quite well spoil the quality of the music when it is working.

While it is not only possible but easy to combine a modest wireless set and an inexpensive gramophone, so that the combination will give a performance far in advance of that of either instrument alone, there are one or two simple points which must be attended to if full satisfaction is to be obtained.

A modest gramophone and an inexpensive wireless set, in combination, will give a performance which is vastly better than that of either instrument independently if a few simple points are observed.

A QUESTION OF VALVES.

IN the first place, some form of volume control is essential, since the radio-amplified gramophone music will be sufficiently powerful to paralyse most ordinary loud speakers, and even with a moving coil instrument which can handle the energy without distortion, one does not necessarily desire to be deafened. And apart from this, if care is not taken the volume reaching the last valve of the set may be more than it can deal with.

There are numerous methods by which this control can be gained, but the simplest and best seems to be the connection of a variable high resistance to the actual terminals of the pick-up itself. Then, with a moving coil speaker and the resistance all out, it will be possible to obtain sufficient power for a dance on the tennis lawn, or to cut it down to a volume suitable to the peaceful siesta hour of a summer afternoon.

This question of volume raises an important point: what is the minimum number of valves which will give a sufficient range of power for all purposes? The answer is—two, if one of them is a pentode; and I am saying this from present practical experience. A two-valve set is the most modest loud speaker set that exists; and a portable gramophone is the most inexpensive type of machine—and that is just precisely what I am using, in conjunction with a moving coil loud speaker. The results are really quite remarkable.

There is just one snag, however, in this matter of valves, and that is that it does not follow that the valve which is suitable as a radio detector will behave well for gramophone amplification. Also, the positive bias of a leaky grid detector is unsuitable. The grid leak should be removed from its clips, therefore; one lead from the pick-up should be attached to the terminal of the grid condenser which is con-

nected to the grid terminal of the valve—or direct to the latter terminal, if that is the more accessible—and the other pick-up lead should be fitted with a wander plug and connected to that socket of the grid bias battery which proves on experiment to give the best results.

MECHANICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

THE existent detector valve should be tried first, and it is possible that it may behave quite satisfactorily. This, however, cannot be judged until experiment with any spare valves which may happen to be handy has shown which is the best combination. I find myself in the position of having to keep two H.F. valves, of very similar characteristics (on paper) but different makes, by me, because one is very noticeably superior as a radio detector, while the other is just as markedly better for gramophone purposes.

But it is not only these semi-technical considerations which have to be watched. There are mechanical considerations as well. The method of attachment of the pick-up in place of the normal sound-box of the gramophone is not standardised—principally because the gramophone makers themselves choose to be different from each other. At the time of purchase of the pick-up, therefore, it is wise to endeavour to obtain a fitting which will

clip firmly to the tone-arm without the adoption of more or less inefficient amateur expedients. It is essential not only to satisfactory sound production but to the life of the record that this connection should be reasonably firm and unvarying, and this is a matter that is not always too easy to secure.

Fortunately a piece of fairly stout rubber tubing will usually solve the worst of problems.

The most satisfactory procedure is to obtain from the makers of the pick-up the proper fitting.

With the majority of inexpensive gramophones it is not possible to vary the pressure of the needle on the record, to make allowance for the use of different

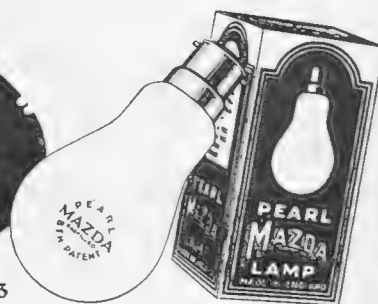
sound boxes of varying weight. It is advisable, therefore, to obtain a pick-up which is as nearly similar in weight to the original sound box of the gramophone.

An alternative for those who propose to convert the machine to electrical reproduction permanently is to remove the existing tone arm altogether.



"You cannot . . . dance a fox trot to the tune of a talk on beekeeping."

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Digging up Bible History

By Katharine Woolley

Further wonderful discoveries have been made by Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Woolley, who have been excavating at Ur of the Chaldees. Their latest "find," a pit in which wonderfully arrayed bodies were unearthed, marks the climax of a most successful season's digging.



An impression of Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, who is sole director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia. This season's excavations have yielded wonderful results.

SINCE my last article we have started a new dig, so that now we have the original number of men working on the cemetery, and a further fifty have been enrolled and are clearing out the great courtyard of the temple of Nannar the Moon god, which stretches at the foot of the Ziggurat. Seen from the top of the Ziggurat it lies seventy feet below one, an open space a hundred yards long and about eighty yards wide, at least, such were its dimensions in Nebuchadnezzar's time.

The high, massive Ziggurat and the wide spreading courtyard are the two most spacious and impressive things in the whole of Ur. The temples are comparatively small, the reason being that every religious and official building wished to be within the Sacred Area, and so a dignified scheme of planning had often to be sacrificed; but this was not the case with the great courtyard, which dominates by its very contrast with the rest of the buildings.

THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY.

BUT the name "courtyard" implies much more than an open space. A huge open space there was, of course, but round it were ranges of chambers, and these we are now digging out. They were the living quarters of the officials attached to the temple,

offices and store-rooms. In places like these it is a mere chance that one finds any object left behind, for most of what was stored here must have been of a perishable kind; but the real interest of the work lies in the building, and it grows greater as the dig progresses.

From the beginning, when first the pickmen start feeling for the crumbling tops of buried mud brick walls, walls which it needs some skill to distinguish from the rubble about them, there is the excitement of discovery; then, as disconnected bits of the building are linked up and begin to show a plan, we have the problem of working out the character of the structure, its architectural features and its meaning. Then, suddenly, the walls, which we have been watching as they go slowly down and down by inches, seem to leap up, and instead of standing and looking down into a hole, one finds oneself walking about on the floors of ancient chambers which still exist.

And it is a psychological truth, in my opinion, that only when this change of view has taken place can one really understand the history of the building. You are now getting the same physical perspective as had the people who lived here thousands of years ago, and, to a certain extent, you can identify yourself with them. The experience ought

to repeat itself at each building-level that the work lays bare.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

HERE, in the Nannar temple, standing on the mud floor which our workmen have just cleared, with the enormously thick walls rising ten feet high all round one, it is hard to realise that at one time the pavement was above one's head, that all these chambers had been buried two thousand five hundred years ago, and new floors laid over the rubbish which filled them, so that the priests and worshippers of Nebuchadnezzar's day walked about on a level which wind and rain have carried away, between walls of which scarcely a vestige remains.

The floor on which our basket-men are now passing to and fro was laid about 1400 B.C.; nearly a thousand years before that the great building was first planned, its walls built, walls which now serve as the foundations for those of later date, and the pavements laid, of which patches and fragments alone survive to-day. Somehow these broken pavements do more to recall the past than anything else. They are worn with the actual footsteps of those who, in the great days of Ur, crowded here to attend the festivals of the Moon god, or brought their tithes and their offerings to his shrine.

Yearly the priests in solemn procession crossed the courtyard, carrying down from the temple on the Ziggurat tower the shrouded statue of the god, carrying him to that shrine outside the city walls where he was to go through the mysteries of death and resurrection. All through the year the court must have been packed with a motley gathering of peasants and townsfolk, with cattle brought for sacrifice, with donkeys bearing sacks of grain, veiled women carrying geese tied by the feet and dangling head downwards, smiths with jars full of scrap copper, merchants with cloth and wood and precious stones, all the dues which the priests took over and for which they issued the stamped clay receipts which we find piled in the ruined archives.

And how the scribes must have worked! There can scarcely ever have been people more eager to record in writing every small

transaction of life, duly attesting it by witnesses, and again by witnesses.

MYSTERIOUS BRICKWORK.

ALL that one can imagine clearly enough, but the pavement has its secrets as well as its stories. Dotted here and there about the court there are squares of brickwork, sometimes as big as twenty feet across, quite distinct from the pavement with which they are flush; they go down and down below it, the largest of them for fifteen feet and more, solid cubes of bricks bonded with bitumen, buried under the floor.

What can they be for? Bases they can hardly have been, for nothing would have required so massive a foundation, not even the largest of statues, and we know that Sumerian statues were usually small. If there was nothing above



A general view of the courtyard, as seen from the Ziggurat, where the offices and storerooms of the temple were situated.



The great courtyard at Ur. The picture shows the chambers surrounding the court which are now being excavated.

them, can it be that there is something beneath, something hidden underground and made safe by this huge covering?

In another part of the courtyard the whole pavement has sunk three or four feet, which looks as if something underneath had given way. Here is another problem! One longs to be able to see through the earth as the Arabs think one can—it is pleasant to be thought omniscient, if only for four and a half months in the year!

THE PIT OF DEATH.

THE finding of the great "death-pit" containing seventy-four bodies will, I think, always rank as one of the astonishing discoveries of Mesopotamia. It certainly gave us the most astounding sight that we have seen at Ur.

During seven long weeks we had dug down into a hill of hard soil full of graves; then the earth changed its character, it was less broken up and cleaner, a good sign when one is digging. So the work continued, rather uneventfully an onlooker would have thought, until, suddenly, a pick-man shouted "Mud brick!" It was just a lump of clay more greenish than the rest, but the work of men's hands, found twenty-four feet below



1400 B.C. is the date assigned to the floor of the rooms which surround the great courtyard.

ground. And then a man working eight yards away came running up, "Mud brick!" then another and another.

Now it was a matter of patience while one waited to see what these shelving sides of mud brick would lead to; they went down, but at first did not seem to connect, nor could one suppose that bits of wall so far apart could belong to one vast open chamber. But so it was.

At last there it lay, a rough square, the revetted walls of an ancient pit-shaft, a floor of hard mud brick. Nothing lay on it, therefore we had to see what was underneath; and so, very carefully, we removed the nine inches of hard beaten floor and made our great discovery.

Six soldiers, with copper daggers, lay near the door; the whole of the rest of the floor shone with gold, hardly an inch of the ground that was not spangled with it, for sixty-eight women lay in rows with bent knees, the heads of the women of the second row lying on the feet of the first, and so on. Only seven of them all had no gold ornaments, and even these wore necklaces of silver and lapis lazuli with silver pins and hair-rings which must have been delicately beautiful, but the heads of the remaining sixty-one were covered, in many cases smothered, with gold.

The richest were only less rich than Queen Shub-ad, whom we found last year, but it was the cumulative effect which was most astonishing. The skulls had been crushed by the weight of the earth under which they had lain for more than five thousand years, so that they and the head-dresses seemed unnaturally large; each set of golden hair-ribbons, golden leaves and beads, and the great golden lunate earrings, covered a foot and more of the ground.



At work on the floor of the rooms, in which priests of the time of Nebuchadnezzar lived.

A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

MANY of the women had tall silver combs with inlaid flowers, nearly all had a dog-collar of lapis and gold, and rows and rows of other necklaces; many wore what we first took to be a bracelet round one wrist, but it proved to be a broad cuff of beads in gold, lapis and carnelian, sewn on to the sleeve of the red coat—we found bits of the material. Many had finger-rings, several on one hand, of fine filigree work in gold or silver; all had a small copper bowl or limestone cup by their side. One dead hand, the hand of the last woman we dug out, held in its fingers a single great gold earring. She was wearing two on her head, so that it could not have been one of her own slipped down, and I wonder what made this woman, alone among the sixty-eight, hold anything in her hand, and why a single earring?

Hardly an inch of the ground can have shown when the victims were first laid out, for their clothes must have covered the small space between them and their wigs must have been large to carry all their head-ornaments. The last sight of them must have been extraordinary as they lay in all their splendour with their painted faces—for every woman had beside her two cockle-shells with green paint in them.

In one corner of the shaft, folded up on top of some of the bodies, lay what may have been a palanquin decorated with bands of gold and coloured mosaic, with uprights of silver. In another corner were piled four harps; one of gold and mosaic had a splendid head of a bull in gold. In a third

corner were two rams of gold and inlay caught in a golden thicket. It was quite impossible to uncover everything at once, for there would have been no room to put one's feet; what we did was to work a small patch at a time and lay bare ten or fifteen bodies, we, meanwhile, kneeling on the soil that lay over the next lot while we uncovered skeleton after skeleton, recording in our field notes the possessions of each, the order of the beads in every necklace or bracelet.

The photograph gives some idea of the nearness of the victims to one another; my husband is crouched

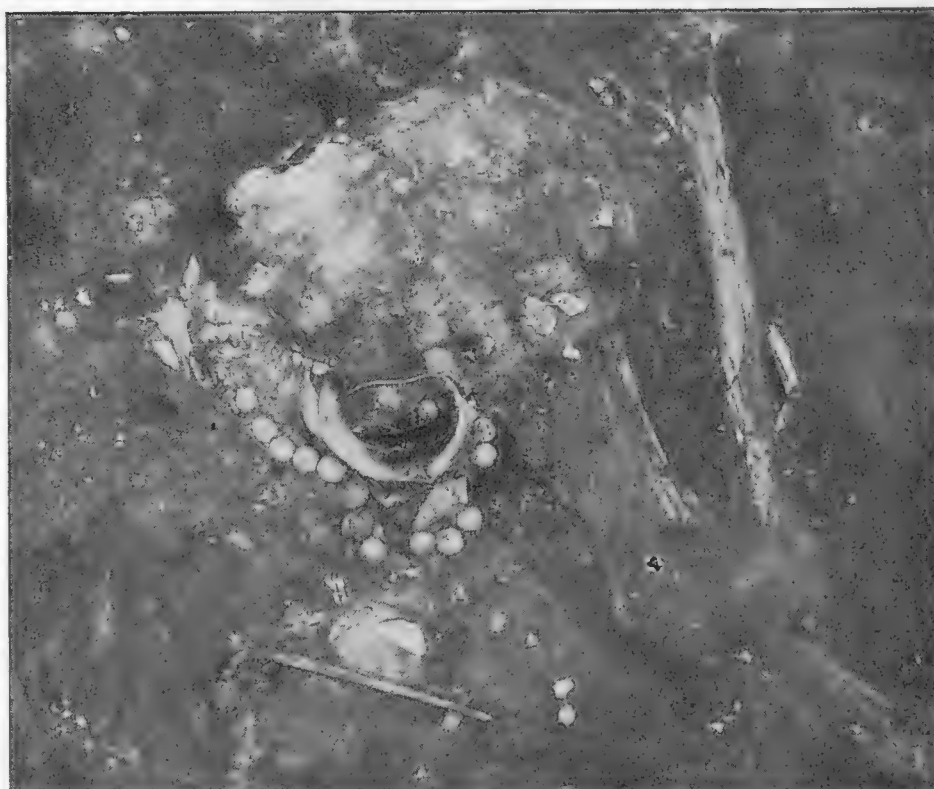
inside one of the harps, I am uncovering the head of one of the harpists, each of the two Arabs is clearing away the earth from a golden head-dress, and other such lie around; where to put one's feet in order not to crush anything was a real problem; fortunately our Arabs walk as delicately as cats and nothing was damaged.

THE BIGGEST BACKSHEESH.

THE guarding of these objects lying out in the open shaft has been a serious matter. For ten days we were working from sunrise to sunset, drawing, recording and photographing, treating the more delicate objects with hot wax and finally removing our hoard of treasure. Every day boxes of all kinds were filled and carried off to our house, but much had to be left exposed all



"The Death Pit." The floor was littered with gold ornaments which are being cleared away. Mr. and Mrs. Woolley are seen at work.



One of the 74 victims found in "The Death Pit." On the head are gold ear-rings and a wreath of leaves. Necklaces encircle the neck and below may be seen the silver pin which fastened the cloak. The head rests on the legs of the next woman.

night—and our local Arabs say that a man is not a man if he cannot steal!

But we pitched a tent on the edge of the death-pit and there each night two of our tribal guards kept watch with one of the foremen, and two pick-men out of the gangs at work on the shaft took it in turn to share the vigil. And our luck held good. Both robbers and rain kept away and everything is now safely packed up, and the country-side rejoices in the biggest backsheesh we have ever given.

Considerable interest has been aroused by Mr. Woolley's articles, describing the work of excavation at Ur of the Chaldees. Previous articles on "Digging up Bible History" appeared in the issues of BRITANNIA of January 4th and January 25th.

(World Copyright.)

A Straggler

from the 10th

By Frank Scudamore



Wounded in a desert fight, Ainslie was the sole survivor of the 10th. First, he watched the vultures lunching; then the enemy head-hunters returned to do their ghastly work; and after that the straggler "rejoined his battalion."

AINSLIE opened his eyes, gazed vacantly for a moment into the leafy canopy above him, and closed them again. A pleasant feeling of content possessed him; a sense of peace and restfulness, with a vague subconscious knowledge of duty accomplished and responsibility shifted to other shoulders.

He lay thus a long time—or it seemed long—making no effort to move or even to rouse himself, his mind to all intents a blank page. All about him was a great stillness. This also was enjoyable.

Gradually there came a change. A tingling sensation seized his limbs. The great stillness ceased to be comforting. It grew oppressive, then terrifying. As the sluggish blood began to course more freely through him he became aware that he was suffering. Soon he perceived that he was in great pain, but could not as yet locate its provenance. And then of a sudden, his numbed brain awoke, and he began to remember.

He opened his eyes again—very wide this time—and strove to raise himself but was unable. His muscles were strangely irresponsible to his will; moreover, his legs seemed heavily weighted down.

This he found at once was because the body of a man lay across his knees. It gave him no surprise to recognise Ali Gebreen, his black bugler. Ainslie saw that he was dead, shot in the brain.

AINSLIE looked about him. He was lying in the spreading shade of an Adansonia tree, on a low knoll of clear ground. Some fifty yards away began the dense growth of tall coarse grass, the heavy

cover of which had proved their undoing. It seemed to stretch as far as his eyes could travel, dotted here and there with great trees like the one above him.

At intervals, athwart the high grass, ran wide, natural lanes of loose rolling sand.

It was in those open spaces that the fight had chiefly raged. They were thickly strewn with fallen men and beasts, and the lamentable jetsam of defeat.

When he had noted this much, Ainslie became aware that he was not alone.

The feeling that he was being watched took hold of him.

Instinctively he moved a nerveless hand towards his belt. His revolver was not there. The fear born of this knowledge helped to rouse him fully. His fingers sought the lanyard round his neck and finding it, followed to where the pistol lay on the ground beside him. A sigh of relief broke from him. This was always something. He was not quite helpless.

He cocked the weapon, and then, turning his head first to one side and then to the other, discovered the watchers.

Half a dozen yards away lay a dead camel. It was, he saw, his own beast, and, perched on the carcass, staring with unblinking white-rimmed eyes, stood three great vultures—one on the wooden saddle pannel, one on the outstretched neck, and the third on the lean rump.

On the raw necks and slaving beaks of the foul birds were ample evidences that they had lunched. Now they were prepared to wait till the white man should be ready to provide them with dinner.

Ainslie could not forbear a shudder. In the vulture bill of fare, he knew, the eye is at once the *hors d'œuvres* and the tit-bit, to be snatched, fought for, if need be, while life still lingers.

He raised his pistol. Then prudence came to his aid. He must not fire.

But the sight of these gruesome scavengers had done him good somehow, and inspired him to instant action. By a great effort he struggled to a sitting position.

The movement taught him somewhat as to his injuries. His left side was all one throbbing ache, and somewhere in the middle of the ache burned a red-hot coal. That, of course, was a bullet wound.

He glanced at Ali Gebreen, measuring his weight with the eyes. In a detached sort of way he reflected that Ali was a good fellow; that he had been loyal and devoted, an excellent soldier. Now he had gone, and that which remained of him must be lifted off the live man's legs.

It was not an easy task, nor accomplished in one attempt, for a hefty six foot three negro is not easily moved even when alive. But Ainslie succeeded at last, and in the process learned that his right leg was broken between knee and ankle.

He put his hand down and felt the place gingerly. . . . H'm! He would not do that again. The puttee would be sufficient bandage for the present.

GEBREEN had a water gourd. Ainslie managed to reach it and drank what fluid remained. Then he crawled painfully towards his camel. As he approached the great carrion birds flopped heavily to the ground and waddled lazily away, their wings trailing in the sand.

On the camel saddle he found his Agra flask and his canvas water-bottle, each half full, and he at once mixed himself a reviving tot. He also found some food—slices of cold gazelle meat and biscuits and, although he was not hungry, he ate.

The food and drink gave him strength, but somehow gave strength also to the pain that racked his body.

He drew himself up till he could sit on the dead camel and sent his gaze down the broad sand lanes. He could distinguish among the littered dead the uniforms of his men of the 10th, and not a few native gibbas. But the uniforms predominated.

Evidently it had been a hot fight. It was strange that he could remember nothing of it. He must have been knocked out quite early in the day. He could not think when. His brain refused to afford him any light on the morning's events. Well, let it pass.

All was weirdly still around him. But that was nothing. The fight must have moved on miles, and maybe miles again. And often after battle in these waste wilds, a lull of some hours followed the action.

Soon, however—and it could not be long—the 10th would return to the fighting ground, to bury their killed and search the grass for wounded survivors; and they would need to cut timber.

A Sudanese soldier cannot be decently laid to rest without a log beneath his head for his last pillow. Ere long then, he would hear the clop-clop of axes in the distance—that sound would carry far in this vast, still plain—and then the medley of voices drawing nearer, and then the loud lament of those who found a fallen comrade. And then he himself would be found, and all would be well.

It was odd indeed that Bullock had not already turned up with a search party; but there was no doubt it had been a running fight, and he might even now be scouring those sandy lanes and still be miles away.

He mixed himself another drink from the flask. He must keep up somehow.

Yes, Bullock would be along in due course, or perhaps Pilkington, but Bullock more likely. He would claim the job. Unless . . . the thought struck him like a blow. Unless . . . And as this new and sinister possibility seized him, his eyes again sought the sandy lanes.

THE 10th were pretty thickly strewn in these slaughter alleys, and this was but one side of the battle ground. This mound where he had lain had doubtless been the hub of the fight. He must have a look at the other side.

Probably he dimly knew by now; but in any case full confirmation of the worst that could befall was soon before him. There they were—all of them, on the far side of the tree.

It had been a hard fight—if an unequal. On the approaches to the mound the enemy tribesmen lay in swathes. But then evidently ammunition had given out and a last furious rush of hordes of wild brave fanatics had carried the day and put paid to the bill for the white command.

"A fair wipe out," said Ainslie through set teeth. (He was talking aloud now.) "A fair wipe out."

BULLOCK had fallen half sitting against the big tree. Fate had dealt hardly with him at the last, and his handsome features were not good to look on. So shocking, indeed, was his appearance that Ainslie, creeping to him, spread his handkerchief over the battered face. But Pilkington, who lay some two yards distant, might have been in the most reposeful slumber. His arms even were folded.

"So," said Ainslie, "he must have known."

Mitchell had fallen on his face, half way down the slope. He must have got it early in the fray.

With an effort Ainslie set himself to think matters round.

There seemed to be no wounded among the fallen, of either side. He looked at the crumpled heaps that had a few hours back been men, but could see nowhere any movement other than those caused by the tearing beaks of the vultures, who were already numerous.

Any severely stricken man, however, he reflected, would have crawled into the grass for shelter.

Certainly the comrades of the enemy



"A fair wipe-out," said Ainslie through set teeth.

Ruggles, the Sergeant-Major, lay in a tumbled heap, his great limbs twisted under him and the lean throat of a dead enemy still gripped in one mighty hand.

They were all there, save Chisholm. But Chisholm—Ainslie recalled—had been in charge of the baggage train.

Poor chap! He

must have died alone.

Well, the 10th had fought their last fight and he, Ainslie, was apparently the sole survivor.

Even now he could remember nothing. It seemed absurd that his brain should play him such a trick.

The sight of Pilkington's helmet on the ground reminded him that he was bare-headed. He got it, and as he put it on a sharp twinge of pain told him of yet another injury.

fallen would return not merely to look for them, but to collect the precious spoils of battle—weapons, clothing, money. That this had not been already

done seemed to indicate that the victors, flushed with success, had pushed on to attack the distant camp.

Well, he would know when that happened. On this breathless day the noise of rifle fire would carry forty miles, and the Zareeba was not that much away. But after failure there—and surely they *must* fail—they would come back to this place. And then?

Ainslie felt his strength was slipping from him. The pain of his wounds was now intense; every fibre of his being quivered with agony and his head throbbed with a reverberating dull, heavy beat as of a persistent gong.

With infinite difficulty he unscrewed the top of his flask and took a pull at the spirit. Then he dragged himself slowly to the tree where Bullock leaned and sat beside his dead friend, the Bland pistol in his lap.

* * *

THE band music was growing louder now—more confused and more insistent, and countless huge white birds kept rising from the ground beneath his feet and flew straight ahead, amid a loud whirring of mighty wings.

* * *

THE round white moon hung low in the heavens. The broad lanes of sand amid the grass shone like streams of silvery water. The scattered dead showed up against the white, clear as in daylight, but exaggerated in size, and their twisted, huddled, distorted

Every sense in him now keenly alert, Ainslie began his circuit of the Adansonia tree. After making a yard or two, he stopped, dragged himself back to his dead beast, and sought and found his Bland pistol—a useful weapon, double-barrelled and loaded with slugs. He threw open the breech to see if all was in order, and thrust the weapon into the breast of his tunic.

"It'll make somebody sit up," he said grimly and began his painful crawl anew.

shapes cast huge, grotesque shadows on the sand.

Yet there was movement now, where before had been the repose of death.

A long string of camels came stalking down one of the broad avenues, their immense silhouettes dancing behind them with fantastic contortions.

Around them moved a mob of native warriors, each burdened with a load of many weapons, and slung about with numerous articles of equipment—belts, bandoliers, water bottles, all the oddments that go to make existence possible to the soldier on march, and of more value than gold to these desert fighters.

Many of the great beasts themselves were already heaped high with the clothing and other belongings of the slain, and the eager workers were as greedily busy over each corpse, or heap of dead, they came to as were the gorged vultures who paddled away at their approach.

The tribesmen worked with method, calling on one another the while in harsh, staccato accents.

Sometimes, rough notes of hoarse lamentation broke from them when they recognised a friend among the draggled gibbas; sometimes a loud cry, a scream almost of savage exultation, when there seemed to linger some faint spark of life in an enemy.

But, whether friend or foe, the maimed body was quickly stripped, and hustled ruthlessly in the process. Death had no terrors for these hard men, and claimed no respect.

Yet there was a difference in their mode of treatment. The tribesman was left nude,

EXILE.

By Thora Stowell.

I who loved a little house have wide rooms and quiet,

I who loved a cottage garden, wide are my lands,

I who had a busy day have long hours for dreaming,

I, who had so much to hold, now have empty hands.

I, who rose up with the lark, now lie long a-sleeping,

Fearing lest the sun may shine through close, shuttered blinds,

I who loved a city street, the footsteps and the laughter,

I have all the desert now, the sunshine and the winds.

I who had no penny picce, gold is mine in plenty,

I who had no music but the lark have all I crave,

I who had a little house have all the world to choose from

And bitter is my heart and empty—empty as the grave.

with limbs splayed abroad to the birds and desert dogs and the sun. Not so the soldiers.

A number of asses accompanied the working parties, and the gruesome cargo that filled the nets slung across their meagre backs, grew ever more weighty.

For these were head-hunters, seeking on this stricken field to glut their master's savage delight with the irrefutable proof of the full measure of their triumph.

Slowly these toilers of the night advanced towards the mound, and the Adansonyia tree.

A INSLIE felt cold, but was otherwise quite comfortable. He had now no concern with anything that might befall. Dimly he noted that it was night and that the moon was up. Why not?

Now and again he talked to Bullock, and did not notice that he got no reply.

Sometimes he sang—thin, quavering songs, in a reedy gasping voice scarce human in its uncanny cadences—snatches of old airs of his youth—memories of camp fire smokers—and called into the night for the chorus. "Sing up, gentlemen!" Why didn't they sing up?

HIS failing eyes lit on the crumpled form of Ruggles, half way down the slope, on whom the moon rays glared whitely.

"Come up here, Sergeant-Major," he called in a croaking whisper. "Come up. We're all pals to-night."

From amid the heaped dead round the Sergeant three, four, tall shapes loomed up into the moonlight, and then bent down again.

A knife gleamed with a rippling glitter, and for a moment Ainslie's mind came back to him.

He saw the horrid operation in progress—noted the brutal violence of the savage ravisher, and understood.

His voice lashed the silence in a strident, imperious shout and the butchers, arrested by the outcry, looked up, startled, from their task.

THERE was a pause while victors and vanquished gazed at each other. Then, with a yell, the head-hunters leaped forward.

The Bland pistol spoke once, and again.

TWO tribesmen, heavily laden, staggered down the slope towards the waiting asses. One head, the latest trophy, swinging by short, fair curls from a clawlike hand, dripped dark gouts into the moonlit sand.

The spreading branches of the great tree threw a black pall over the mound.

The Frontier incident was closed.

The straggler from the 10th had rejoined his battalion.



.... With a yell the head-hunters leaped forward. The Bland pistol spoke once, and again.

GRAHAM SIMMONS

True Realism and a Mystery

By Douglas Jerrold

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S "The Village Doctor" is a story of yesterday. The style, the theme and the treatment are the very reverse of "Georgian." We are given a picture, or more accurately, perhaps, a sketch of a Sussex village and the surrounding farms fifty years ago. It is a countryside where Londoners are "furrin," where the devil has a *locus standi*; where nothing happens but the unending processes of nature, birth, reproduction and death.

The story is not an exciting one. A young doctor buys the practice of his old and inefficient predecessor, and tries to settle down in the village, only to find that the village has no life, that the country are a race apart and that the farmers treat him as an alien. This social problem is gone to-day. It was a pre-railway problem, this fundamental isolation imposed on the professional man forced out of the towns in which he has his natural environment, but the isolation of the landscape is cleverly done.

The neighbourhood has a self-contained life at once remote and satisfying, which convinces just as Trollope convinced, and just as Hardy convinced.

To realise how intimate and sure is the handling of a difficult piece of reconstruction, contrast Miss Kaye-Smith's farms with the country as seen by any of our urbanised novelists looking out at it through the windows of a country house where they once spent an uneasy week-end looking up the trains back to town. Mr. Beresford, Mr. Sadleir, even Mr. Galsworthy (for all his passionate love of animals) are only spectators of the life of the countryside and sophisticated spectators at that. Here the countryside lives, and the lives of the men and women are subordinate to the rhythm of the seasons and their generation.

THE TRUE REALISM.

A great book then? Unfortunately, not quite. The setting, the background, is superb. The theme is inadequate. The doctor himself is a shadowy figure, and the farmer's daughter whom he marries is absurdly unattractive. Laura has been educated by a futile mother at a school in Brighton, and gives herself airs and wears thin shoes and sits in the parlour.

Nothing I suppose is too silly to be improbable where human beings are concerned, but a lot of things are too silly to be significant, and Laura's hovering between Saul Peascod (just a trifle too handsome, rough and strong) and the doctor, who is the only man who knows the Polka and who might, Laura thinks, one day get invited to Galleybird, where Lord Rushfurlong lives, is uninteresting.

Frankly neither Laura nor the doctor

BOOKS TO READ.

The World Crisis: the Aftermath, by WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Thornton Butterworth. 30s. net.)

Sails and Saddles. Travel Reminiscences, by SIR MICHAEL BRUCE. (Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

Zola and his Times, by M. JOSEPHSON. (Gollancz. 25s. net.)

Abraham Lincoln, by CARL SANDBERG. (Cape. 21s. net.)

On the Edge of Diplomacy, by J. D. GREGORY. (Hutchinson. 21s. net.)

The Greek Anthology, edited, with an introduction, by SHANE LESLIE. (Benn, 12s. 6d. net.)

Cities of the Plain, by MARCEL PROUST. Translated by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF. 2 vols. (Knopf. 30s. net.)

Dodsworth. A novel, by SINCLAIR LEWIS. (Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Soldier's Diary of the Great War. With an introduction by HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.)

markable book. That in despite of everything the book stands out as something worth reading is a tribute to the gifts of the author. It is written as the comedy of manners should be written, with a perfect detachment, and as a picture of the English countryside in its unspoiled days should be written, with a proper sense of the subordination of personality to function and of intellect to nature. That is the true realism.

A PRIZE NOVEL.

Mr. Temple Ellis's story, "The Inconsistent Villains," is not a piece of realism. It is, on the other hand, the first of a new series of mystery stories to be published by Messrs. Methuen, and it has been given the first prize in a competition organised by the publishers and adjudicated by Mr. H. C. Bailey, Father Ronald Knox and Mr. A. A. Milne.

The detective story has a unique place in literature to-day. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Reginald McKenna read them regularly, and few novelists can resist writing them. The award of a prize to "The Inconsistent Villains" by three such masters as Messrs. Bailey, Knox and Milne, is therefore a literary event, for it ought surely to give us an indication of what, in their minds, ought to be the ingredients of a first class mystery story.

I suspect Mr. Temple Ellis of having secured his prize by ingenuity rather than by undiluted merit, for he has set out to do a very unusual thing. There are two kinds of mystery story: the "thick-ear" kind and the "detective" kind. The master of

would have been so stupid. Laura was obviously too pinchbeck a "lady," and the doctor would obviously have been (and, to do Miss Kaye-Smith justice, actually was) more at home in real farmers' kitchens than in a puerile imitation of a middle-class Victorian drawing room.

The real heroine is Susan Peascod, and the tragedy is not that the doctor ought to have married her, but that he certainly would have. He not merely spoils his own life by his perversity, but he very nearly spoils an otherwise re-

markable book. That in despite of everything the book stands out as something worth reading is a tribute to the gifts of the author. It is written as the comedy of manners should be written, with a perfect detachment, and as a picture of the English countryside in its unspoiled days should be written, with a proper sense of the subordination of personality to function and of intellect to nature. That is the true realism.

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Sheila Kaye-Smith, whose new novel, "The Village Doctor," is a popular favourite.

author rescues the good from the toils of the wicked just when it seems impossible to the characters.

All through the book we are in doubt as to the author's intentions; It is a book good enough to be worth reading, and once you have begun it you will not put it down. But a masterpiece? No!

A DISAPPOINTING STORY.

"The Blind Circle" is not worthy of the publisher. The mystery—four identical bodies discovered dead on the same night—is a promising one, because it appears insoluble and we assume a solution. Actually there is no solution, and the affair becomes at once empty and meaningless.

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Beauty in Silver

By Julia Cairns

THERE are few women who would ever dream of disputing the fact that silver lends a distinct cachet to the home.

There is something more than appealing, more than attractive, in the well-polished table glistening with the brilliance of crystal, enhanced by flower-tinted linen doilies (although the snowy whiteness of fine damask is again coming into its own) and silver, of beautiful line, and



A new cup or vase, so simple in line, and a sauceboat with a practical finger-grip, modelled like an exquisitely curved leaf.

This candelabra, together with fruit tazza and bon-bon dish, display characteristic ornamentation, inspired by Nature.

A pepper pot, a hot water jug and an ice cooler cup, in company with a small table bell—the latter like a delicate flower blossom.

(Silver by Georg Jensen.)



gleaming polish enhancing the blossoms chosen to adorn the table.

But silver, to-day, has, I think, come to mean more to us than the silver of yesterday. Not that I would, for one moment, belittle such cherished pieces as were designed by the famous Paul Lamerée. But only unto the few of us is given the privilege of possessing even one such treasured piece. Yet quite a quantity of silver has been designed within the last century which hardly comes up to our æsthetic conception of beautiful line coupled with our present day demand for simplicity.

ILLUSTRATED on this page are pieces of silver which are considered by many of the experts of to-day to have achieved the highest that the most discriminating silver lovers of this century look for, in interpreting their conception of "beauty in silver."

Maybe you are wondering to what artist we are indebted for such designs. It is to Georg Jensen, who, by certain authorities, has been described as "Nature's Silver-smith." And the reason is not difficult to discover. For, like many another great artist, from the earliest days of his art, he has been quick to acknowledge Nature as

the greatest inspiration of all art.

ONE outstanding characteristic of his work is his very definite attempt to eliminate all unnecessary decoration and to keep his line essentially simple, essentially beautiful, and introducing ornamentation when, and only when, it serves some practical purpose, as, for example, in the case of say a wine-cooler where the essential little "feet" take the form of modelled pine cones; or again, a teapot lid whose miniature handle may quite probably be an opening blossom or a bursting seedpod. And when from a strictly utilitarian point of view, this practical addition is positively essential, it is then that this artist characteristically turns to Nature.





In this North bedroom fine filet net has been used for the screening curtains, saffron-tinted to give the appearance of sunshine filtering through.

IT is not many years ago since you and I bade farewell to our last lace curtains—the long white ones, I mean. We said good-bye a little wistfully, because there were things we rather liked about them, their freshness, their daintiness, their whiteness, for instance, when they were clean, but then they tired so quickly, and that is chiefly where the trouble began.

We found them, too, a little harsh and unsympathetic to the moods of our room, but when once we had discovered the joy of the soft folds of silk and velvet and cotton fabrics, and the richness and depth of their colourings, which happily re-echoed the other shades in the room, then we knew that the white lace simply must go.

BUT they came back to us again quickly, entering into the spirit of the times, and re-appearing in delicate rainbow colourings—mauves, greens, yellows and gold, in creams, and pinks—in fact, in almost any shade you can think of. And we use them, not quite in the large proportions as of old, but as glass-screening curtains, either to go full length, or half way down the window.

The illustrations show the varying designs of these new coloured nets. One is nothing but a very fine veiling, but of material so soft that it will fall naturally into the most graceful folds. There is another, which is quite plain, but of a coarser mesh, a pattern which is far happier when allied with outer curtains of a sturdy material.

THE flower and leaf design also on this page is one of many intriguing patterns of this description, which are successfully carried out in a large colour

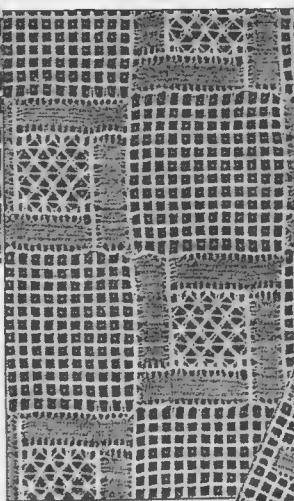
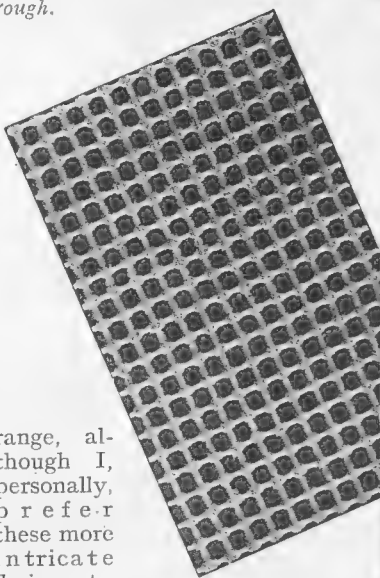
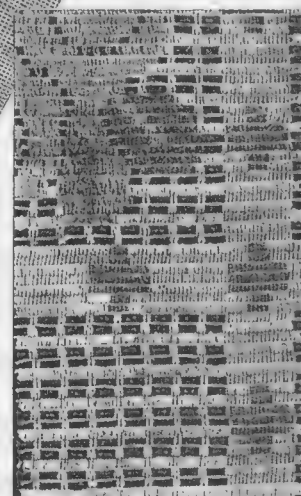
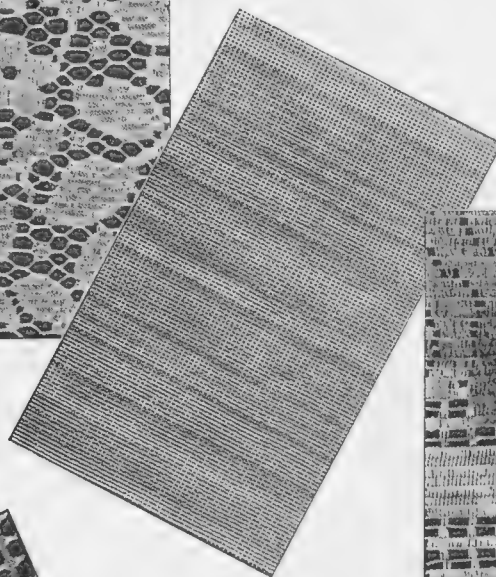
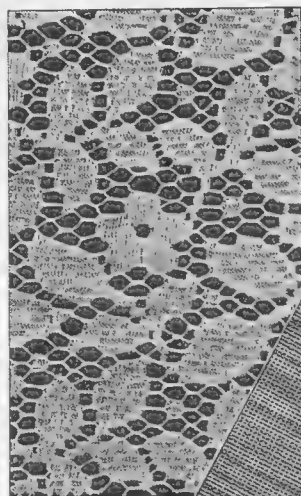
range, although I, personally, prefer these more intricate designs to be used with plain outer curtains only, as otherwise they give a certain effect of restlessness to the window, which is naturally unbecoming.

The one which I call the "large square" design introduces shades of blue, yellows shading to orange, and red, with here and there touches of green.

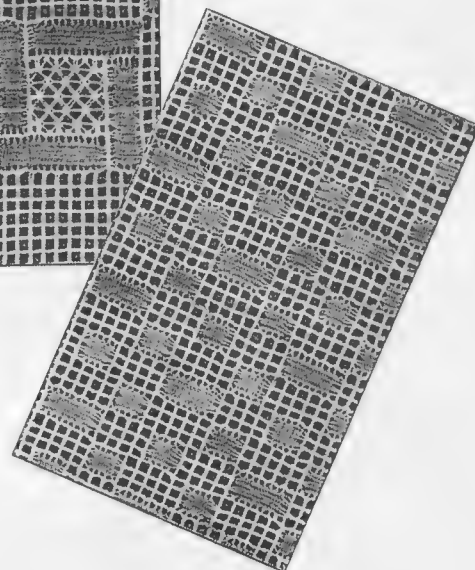
And even more rainbow-like hues are introduced in the "small square and oblong" design, and here again they are cleverly darned into a plain *écru* net background. The closer woven designs are very attractive, but must be used with care, for they bring with them a much larger distribution of colour, and will certainly only harmonise with special schemes.

Window Treatments By Marjorie Day.

Old-time laces and nets come back in quite a new guise.



Glass curtains of fancy net, in varying shades, give a delightful colour-touch to your window.



With

This

RING—

Marriage is changing swiftly under our eyes. . . . It is becoming a partnership of comrades rather than a dictatorship of one . . . The mere fact of marriage is not the great thing—it is the fact of Love that matters.

By



Margery Lawrence

Who, in spite of the views set forth in this article, is nevertheless the wife of Mr. Arthur Towle. She has written some popular novels.

THE woman of to-day, sensing dimly the flavour of slavery about the marriage ring, often flatly refuses to wear one at all, and in these days of freedom, nobody can force her to do so—though I think there are few husbands who do not secretly resent their wives' refusal to wear a wedding ring! For man is essentially a creature of slow and reluctant change, while woman changes quickly and completely—and still, I think, in his heart of hearts, when he slips on the ring at that age-old ceremony, man cherishes a dim faith in the old adage—"and they shall become one flesh."

The awkward part of it all is that he invariably sees that "oneness" as a mere extension—an elaboration, completion—of himself! And thereby hangs many a tale of

broken marriages and broken lives.

For in the old days—until even quite recently—this state of things was an actual and accepted fact. The ideal wife was the woman who merged her own individuality completely in her husband's—and the more completely she did so, the more completely ideal she was! They spent their whole lives in the shadows of their husbands, these amazing women of the past—think of "Dizzy's" wife, who used to sit for hours in her carriage awaiting his leaving the House, or was content to wait idle at home until he came, weaving her entire existence about his, having none of her own . . . and Jane Carlyle, sacrificing her own life and brains to run after and cosset that brilliant egoist her husband!

One could enumerate them by the hundred, these "devoted wives," all admirable and perfect of their kind, no doubt, but still wives of a kind rapidly disappearing these days, and rightly disappearing.

"ALCHEMY" OF THE RING.

I SUPPOSE his mental attitude is understandable. After all, the day of the slave-wife—when the placing on the finger of the ring literally meant the fusion, the submergence of the wife's existence in the husband's—must have been singularly pleasant for the male. He had but to lay down the law, and Madam perforce accepted it—on occasion, if young or high-spirited, she kicked a trifle, tried to argue, even to develop a point of view, he could extinguish the audacity with either an indulgent smile or a frown of amazed disapproval . . . one can hear the chorus of shocked protest from the surrounding aunts and cousins!

"But, my dear, to contradict your hus-

band! Of course, he must know best!" I repeat, a vastly pleasant time for the male—but a time now passing swiftly into the limbo where hide crinolines, horn books, *ceintures de chastité*, roast swan, church thrice a' Sundays, and a litter of other things useful, pleasant, perhaps beautiful in their day and way—but now finished and done with.

It seems almost comic, to us to-day, that anyone could believe that there ever was or could be any strange alchemy in the ring, the ceremony, or anything connected with marriage, that was capable of fusing two entire different entities into one, either psychically or physiologically, any more than physically! And yet for years it has held sway!

To-day we acknowledge that not even the supreme power of true love itself can alter the fact that the two who love remain entirely separate and distinct—two creatures with wills, opinions, desires of their own, and each fundamentally differing from the other!

Indeed, we are beginning to acknowledge that by the old methods, that reduced a woman to a mere shadow of her husband, we gained little and lost, possibly, a great deal. The main fault of the "shadow-wife" system was that while it worked well enough while the husband lived and thrived, it collapsed ignominiously if he died, since it left a helpless, frightened woman adrift in life, often very badly off, and with several children to bring up, utterly unused to handling money, and ignorant both of men, business, and the world!

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO WORK.

THIS is one of the main actuating forces of women's claim to the right to work—the realisation that one may be left stranded, and must prepare, at all events, for this possibility. Yet, practical as this claim is, it is still far from popular with men, still ridden by their old dominant impulses . . . the very independence that a man will admire in another girl, he will deprecate and try to extinguish in his wife!

I know several cases where a man sincerely in love with a girl who is working for herself, making, perhaps, not much money, but at least provided with an outlet, a chance of



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WITH THIS RING—(continued)

developing her individuality, has either refrained from proposing at all, jealous of her work, or after proposing, has quarrelled seriously with her, simply because she would not consent to give up her job if they married! Or, alternately, because she would not consent to relegate it to a secondary place . . . I have had men propose to me, several times, with this amazingly ingenuous corollary to the proposal:

"Oh, of course I know you're frightfully keen on your writing, and all that—but you could keep it on as a hobby, you know, if you'd only marry me!"

Hobby! A serious profession suddenly relegated to the level of fret-saw work or pen-painting! This view of a woman's job makes my blood boil—but it is quite innocently held and often quoted by otherwise intelligent men! They argue along the old lines still—modified, it is true, but still the old lines—that once married a woman will be occupied with her home, which, surely to goodness, should keep her happy and content . . . then, in her spare time, and she will, she may play about with her little writings, or her little shop, or her pretty paint-box.

Deny it as one can, this is still secretly the feeling of many men towards their wives' work, interests, or careers—and it makes for great difficulty in the adjustment of two lives bound together by the ring that once meant the complete supremacy of one!

It means that, these days, to be successfully married, husband and wife must frankly admit that they are two persons; not, as the Marriage Service fatuously declares, "one person" and that being two persons, they must accept the fact that they will differ on many points of view—yet that somehow (and this is the great point, the crucial test of modern marriage!) they must continue to love each other heartily and sincerely, while allowing each other freedom, independence, the right to a separate individuality . . . and this is no easy matter! Therefore modern marriage is a vastly more difficult and intricate relationship than marriage of old.

NOT A PERMANENT INSTITUTION.

THEY say, these older folk, that we regard the tie of marriage too lightly—we certainly do refuse to accept marriage nowadays as a permanent institution, only to be broken by death or at the cost of social disgrace! Most certainly we regard marriage to-day more as a contract and less as a sacrament, but in doing

this we are merely being honest, and pursuing our theory of life, which is "do your best, and if you fail, admit to honest failure—cut your losses and try to start again."

Our elders find something strange and terrible about two people who, while frankly admitting they have tried married life together and found it impossible, yet, after breaking their bonds, still occasionally meet; are friendly, behave towards each other as normal people do behave . . .

I find nothing strange about it at all, but on the contrary everything sane and sensible. They lay so much stress on the physical side of marriage, these elders—why should it make so huge, so fundamental a difference to being friends with a person, the mere fact that one may have lived with that person for a while?

The mere fact of marriage is not the great thing—it is the fact of love that matters! And if love has fled, or if one has honestly mistaken one of the minor gods—passion, infatuation, impulse, ignorance, there are so many minor gods!—for the great God himself, surely it is cleaner, saner, more truly moral to break the contract that has ceased to be anything but a foolish string of words!



Woman's claim to the right to work.

PARTNERSHIP OF COMRADES.

THE fact is that marriage is changing—swiftly, completely—under our eyes. It is becoming a partnership of comrades, rather than a dictatorship of one—various gloom-merchants shake their heads and say it portends a future dictatorship of one still, but that one the woman, not the man . . . it may develop into that, though I think not; yet even if it does?

England was never more powerful nor more successful than when Elizabeth ruled, or Victoria. The fact that there have been few outstanding women of this type is no proof that there are really few; merely a proof that there have been few opportunities for them to come forward. Also it seems to me that woman could scarcely make a worse mess of government than men have done, since it was men who landed us in the worst war in history.



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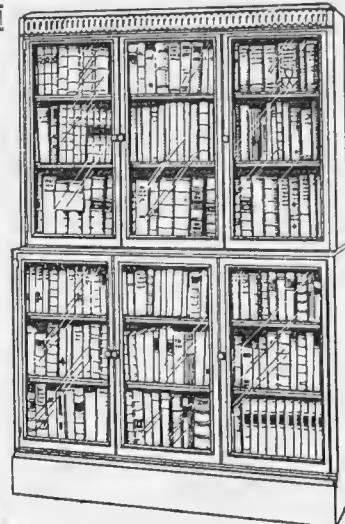
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Britannia's Pulpit

Going Down to Jericho

EVERY visitor to Palestine is immensely impressed by the double view from the heights of Olivet, with the Holy City on the one side and the glorious glimpse on the other of Moab, the Dead Sea, the Jordan and the plains of Jericho 4,000 feet below. That road has a bewitching charm of its own that fascinates every tourist; but it cannot be photographed—it is too elusive, it runs and hides, it reappears, it drops and winds so rapidly that every picture of it is deceptive and disappointing. Yet the road itself is a picture of human life, and one of the best known parables in sacred literature finds its setting around the hidden bends of that road.

The story of the Good Samaritan gives us a conception of conduct that meets with universal approbation, and if all men would only "go and do likewise" the world would be a much better place and we should be much nearer a solution of our many social problems.

The Samaritan was a hated foreigner who came to the help of a perfect stranger. He tended his wounds, relieved his distress, brought him to safety and made provision for his needs till he was able to fend for himself.

The parable was Christ's commentary on the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It puts an end to all quibbling as to the meaning of the word "neighbour" and shows the intimate connection of religion and life.

RELIGION A PERSONAL MATTER

NOW the Christian believes that Jesus has given us in this parable, and elsewhere, a workable rule of life, an ideal which every man should set before him, but the man of the world thinks it is Utopian and altogether impracticable. It is true that anything like a general adoption of Christ's teaching would create an astounding revolution in civilised society and would mean considerable sacrifices all round, but the ultimate gains would amply compensate for the temporary losses.

Must we believe that class hatred and racial antagonisms will for ever persist, that the Samaritan will never help the Jew and the Arabs will continue to have no dealings with the Zionist? The Christian is more hopeful, and though an idealist, he is actually more practical than the man who gives up religion and turns to politics, education or philanthropy for more useful opportunities of social service.

Religion is eminently a personal matter. It approaches the individual and tells him not to wait for elections, governments or new laws that may or may not reform his neighbours, but get to work at once and reform himself; Jesus Christ and the Good

By the REV. CANON J. T. PARFIT

Samaritan are before him; let him go and do likewise. No kingdom has done so much for humanity as the Kingdom of Christ.

THE PERFECT EXAMPLE.

THE modern man, who has no use for religion, makes another mistake. He naturally reveres modern science and claims to believe in evolution, but he is in fact a "Fundamentalist." He says the Good Samaritan ideal is unattainable. He admires the nobility of character which is here portrayed and acknowledges that the Good Samaritan is a better man than himself, but the call of Religion to "Go and do likewise" makes no appeal to him. He finds the business world is based on competition; some have the bad luck to lose everything, while others acquire great possessions; this is inevitable, he says.

But the difference between a civilised gentleman and his primitive ape-like ancestor is a difference of quality. It is the same sort of difference that is acknowledged to exist between the Good Samaritan type of character and the modern man of the world. If this acknowledged higher type of the rational animal is unattainable, then the evolution of the human race has come to a standstill.

We know, however, that this type of manhood has certainly been reached by thousands of Christ's disciples and millions more have made substantial progress towards this high ideal. Who will deny that Jesus Himself was a perfect example of a Good Samaritan? Was He only human? If so, then evolution produced this grand specimen of noble manhood 2,000 years ago and our modern civilised man says that standard is unattainable! Who then is the true evolutionist, the Christian or the unbeliever? But our modern man has reached the horns of a dilemma.

We must remember that this greatly superior Son of Man made extravagant claims to Divinity; which means He was either an arch-deceiver or a deluded fanatic; but this combination of virtue and vice would require Him to be more strangely supernatural than the assumption that He is the Divine Christ.

MAN'S EVOLUTION.

THIS brings us back again to the Jericho road, which in itself is another vivid parable of human life. Generally speaking, we find that the people who give up religion, who turn their backs upon the temple of God, who cease to take the Divine Christ as their mentor and guide, are like the man who leaves Jerusalem for Jericho. They begin to go down.



Canon J. T. Parfit.

It is not a higher ideal they are pursuing but a lower one.

That road to Jericho has its charms: it is all so easy going, and there below, always in sight, are the luxuriant plains that proved so attractive to Lot. But the City of Peace is soon lost to sight: it is ever a downhill track, it leads through a wilderness, the slime pits of Sodom are concealed in the plains, modern Jericho is a squalid village and ancient Jericho was a profane and cursed city.

This, unfortunately, is a sad and true picture of human lives on the downward road just as we have seen them in so many parts of the world, where we have striven to turn them back to the City of God. The turning point is invariably the same with all the ruined or wasted lives that we ministers have to deal with. Religion is forsaken, the claims of Christ are ignored and frail human nature drops with a gay heart to the inevitable vale of tears.

We have watched, however, many other lives that gladden to-day our reflections of the past. Some of them started off on life's journey heavily handicapped, far away down the road towards their ape-like ancestry, but they followed the gleam, they struggled ever upward and in one brief generation they reached the standard of high and honourable Christian gentlemen.

THE AUTHORITY OF GOD.

THERE is no mistaking the evidence of those who have made a success of life. There are so many of them and their testimony is invariably the same. The person of Jesus Christ, the ideal Good Samaritan, entered into their lives, and in following Him they found what they believed to be Divine strength helping them to counteract the tugging of their animal instincts and enabling them to keep going, stage by stage, on the upward path.

This too is their testimony: "The deeper their conviction that Jesus Christ spoke with the authority of God the more earnest was their desire to obey His precepts and the greater was the effort to 'Go and do likewise.'"

This is the way the Christian Religion has aided the Evolution of the noblest manhood, and who does not know of unbelievers who have gone the way of the wilderness to moral ruin?

Generally speaking, we find that the people who give up religion, who turn their backs upon the temple of God, who cease to take the Divine Christ as their mentor and guide, are like the man who leaves Jerusalem for Jericho. They begin to go down.

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in *BRITANNIA*. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than the first post on the Friday following publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Editor, *BRITANNIA*, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM XII.

As the play of the Cards at Contract is identical with that at Auction, the initial contest will deal with the problem of bidding.

(i) South deals and holds: ♠ A K x x; ♥ Q J x x x; ♦ x x; ♣ x x.

North holds: ♠ Q J x x; ♥ A K x x; ♦ K x x; ♣ A x.

If East and West make no bids at all, how should North and South arrive at the best contract?

(ii) South deals and holds: ♠ A x x; ♥ A x x; ♦ A K Q x x x; ♣ A. What should he bid?

(iii) South holds: ♠ x x; ♥ A K Q J x x x; ♦ A K x; ♣ x.

North holds: ♠ A Q x; ♥ x x; ♦ Q J 10 x x; ♣ A J x.

South's opening bid is followed by West with a call of Three Spades. Set out all bidding.

(iv) South holds: ♠ A K x x x; ♥ A x x; ♦ x x x; ♣ x x.

North holds: ♠ J x x; ♥ K J x; ♦ K Q x; ♣ A x x x.

East and West do not bid. How should the North-South calling progress?

(v) South holds: ♠ x x; ♥ A K Q x; ♦ A K x; ♣ x x x x.

North holds: ♠ A K x; ♥ x; ♦ Q J 10 x; ♣ A K J x x.

With no intervening bids how should the North-South calling progress?

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XI.

- ♠ —.
♥ A, 6, 3, 2.
♦ Q, 5, 4.
♣ A, K, 9, 8, 6, 2.

North

West East

South

- ♠ A, 5, 4.
♥ 8, 7, 5.
♦ A, J, 8, 6, 2.
♣ 7, 3.

West.
(Dealer.) North. East. South.
No. 1 C. 1 S. 2 D.
No. No. 2 S. No.
No. 3 D. 3 H. 4 D.
4 S. 6 D. D b. All pass.

There are two solutions whereby South can make his contract. These are as follow:—

(i) He can take the first Spade with the Ace, trump a Spade in dummy, lead three rounds of Clubs, trumping the third, and then lead his last Spade for his dummy to ruff. The Queen of Diamonds is then led, covered with the King and won with the Ace. The Jack of Diamonds takes all trumps but the ranking 10 or 9 and another trump should be led to get this out of the way lest it stop the run of the Club suit.

(ii) The safer method of play is to leave the Spades severely alone after the first lead won with the Ace. Dummy is put in with a Club and a low trump led and the Jack finessed. This being successful, the Ace is led out. If the King drops (as it actually did) the third round puts Dummy in to lead the Club Ace. Clubs are then ruffed out, and Dummy re-enters with the Heart Ace to make three Clubs.

For Competition No. 9 the prize-winners are:—Charles A. Baker, 19, Duppas Hill Road, Croydon; G. J. R. Potter, 6, Milton Road, Oundle, Peterborough; William Leiper, Glenluce, Scotland; Mrs. A. E. Nick, 3, Elm Grove Road, Salisbury, Wilts; Brigadier-General Burney, Fort d'Auvergne Hotel, Jersey, C.I.

BRITANNIA Crosswords—No. 13.

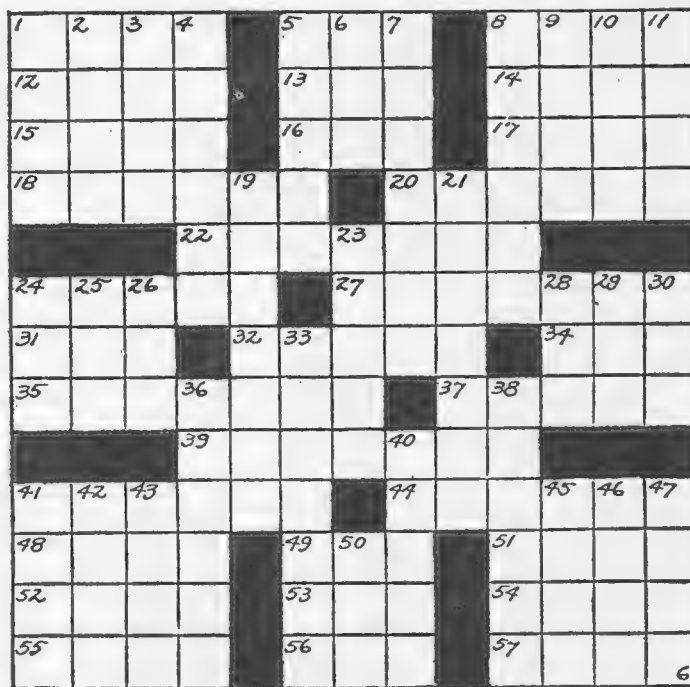
CLUES.

Across.—1. It answers "Why." 5. With 12 inches in front a robber. 8. An order. 12. Expensive but beloved. 13. A beheaded "puss." 14. Melody. 15. Parched. 16. A coterie. 17. Anglo-Saxon grief. 18. Simplest. 20. "Trader" (anag.) 22. Salt of acetic acid. 24. Pin of a sun dial. 27. Accumulation. 31. A beheaded lure. 32. "In triumph from the —" (Macaulay). 34. "— Sacra." 35. After the Savoury. 37. Home of Fascism. 39. Stone walls don't make these. 41. Tests of alloys. 44. Factors. 48. "Rode" (anag.) 49. Canadian province (abbr.) 51. Steam with its head off. 52. "Seal" (anag.) 53. Born. 54. With "My" in India. 55. Model without a tail. 56. Always a boy. 57. Enough (poet).

Down.—1. Cheese. 2. Wax. 3. You can tear it if you like. 4. This was at one time by fire. 5. "Diamonds" are sometimes this. 6. 1076/44

A year's free subscription to *BRITANNIA* is offered for the first five correct solutions opened after the closing date. Solutions must reach the Crossword Editor, *BRITANNIA*, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, not later than the first post on Friday, March 22nd. The Editor's decision is final.

sq. ft. 7. Disparage. 8. A cooking mixture. 9. Part of cook's domain. 10. Row. 11. The bridge player wants a good one. 19. Landscape. 21. A form of reproduction. 23. Almost starts. 24. The waves are said to be this. 25. Three-quarters of 10. 26. Nearly fits. 28. A succulent fruit. 29. Reversed it's nearly a liar. 30. Good hens do this. 33. Prayers. 36. Scattered. 38. Poisonous fly. 40. Made of oats. 41. The tempted male. 42. Kind of whisk. 43. "For all have got the —" (Tennyson). 45. An inert gas. 46. A Pacific plant. 47. A "white nun." 50. New (prefix).



CROSSWORDS No. 10.—Winners of one year's free subscription to *BRITANNIA*:—Mrs. Robertson, 5, Frenchay Road, Oxford; D. O. Thackeray, 9, Bernard Avenue, West Ealing, W.13; Mrs. M. P. Burges, Horton Hall, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol; Miss C. M. Hussey-Freke, 9, Hollywell Hill, St. Albans; Mrs. Alice O. Glynn, Springfield, Burdett Avenue, Kingstown, Dublin.

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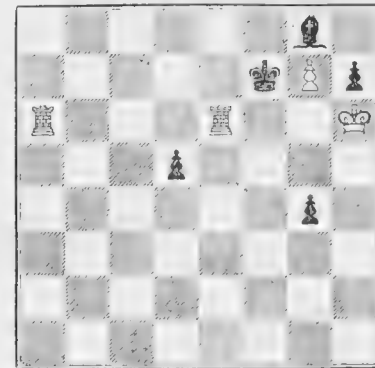
ANSWERS TO "BRITANNIA" CROSSWORD, NO. 11.

Across.—1. Nasal. 6. Crude. 11. Omelet. 13. Sooner. 14. Teller. 15. Native. 16. End. 17. Radix. 19. Tic. 20. Stop. 22. Mop. 23. Best. 24. Smug. 26. Repose. 28. Rig. 30. Run. 31. Scenic. 34. Numb. 37. Purr. 38. For. 40. Soap. 42. Ale. 43. Attic. 45. Tie. 46. Cleave. 48. Futile. 50. Tested. 51. Trover. 52. Sneer. 53. Deeds.
Down.—1. Notes. 2. Aments. 3. Seldom. 4. All. 5. Leer. 6. Coax. 7. Rot. 8. Unites. 9. Devise. 10. Erect. 12. Tram. 13. Sniper. 18. Dor. 21. Purer. 23. Bonus. 25. Gin. 27. Pun. 29. Gifted. 31. Sullen. 32. Crease. 33. Cot. 35. Motive. 36. Bailed. 37. Pacts. 39. Rift. 41. Peers. 43. Aver. 44. Curd. 47. Ate. 49. Toe.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 13 by D. PIRNIE.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, *BRITANNIA*, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

Four points will be allowed for the key of the above problem, and one point for every forced White second move, short mates not counting. A short mate occurs if, after a particular first move of Black, White can mate on the next move. For a dual continuation only one point will count. A dual occurs if, after a first move by Black, White has the choice of more than one second move.

Problem No. 11 (Caine and Eddy). Key R—R6. If K—B3; 2 Kt—K7. If K—K3; 2 Kt—B7. If Kt—K3; 2 Q—QR8. If Kt—B3; 2 QxR. Else Kt—K7. The mates are not bad, but the key has to provide for a fight. Correct solutions from Nos. 1, 3, 14, 15, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 46 (also No. 9 and 10), 48, 49, 51, 53, 54, 55, 72, 83, 84, 85, 96, 97, 104, 112, 113, 115, 124, 126, 129, 143, 145, 162, 172, 173, 182, 184, 185, 187, 190, 191, 200, 201, 203, 217, 226, 229. Incorrect claim, 186. End-Game No. 8, was solved by Nos. 85, 172, 185.

End-Game No. 10 (Rinck): 8; 7p; 1 Kt—1p21; 4kp2; 7P; 3P3Kt; 3K4; 8. White to play and win.

Solution to End-Game No. 9 (Stamma). 1 R—B1; K—R6; 2 K—B3; R—R3; 3 P—R7; K—R7; 4 P—R8=Qch, K—Kt8; 5 Q—R3. If 1...P—Kt7; 2 P—R7, K—R4; 3 K—B5, K—R5; 4 P—R8=Qch, K—Kt6; 5 Q—Q5ch.

Selected Game.

Game No. 13. The following game, from a recent simultaneous display, shows the World Champion in sparkling form.

Ruy Lopez.

White.	Black
Dr. Alekhine	A. Blass
1 P—K4	P—K4
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3
3 B—Kt5	P—QR3
4 B—R4	Kt—B3
5 O—O	B—K2
6 Q—K2	P—QKt4
7 B—Kt3	P—Q3
8 P—B3	O—O
9 P—QR4	R—Kt1
10 Pxp	Pxp
11 P—Q4	Pxp
12 Pxp	B—Kt5
13 R—Q1	R—K1
14 Kt—B3	B—KBr
15 B—K3	P—Kt5(a)
16 BxPch(b)	KxB
17 Q—B4ch	P—Q4
18 KtxP	KtxKt
19 Kt—Kt5ch	K—Kt3
20 P—B4(c)	Rxp(d)
21 QxKtch	Q—Q3
22 Q—B2	Q—K2(e)
23 R—K1	Kt—B3
24 R—R6	R—Kt3
25 RxB	PxR
26 P—R3	B—Q2
27 P—Kt4	R—K3
28 KtxR	KtxKt
29 P—B5ch	P—KKt4
30 B—B2	Resigns

(a) If KtxP; 16 KtxKt, RxB; 17 B—Q5. (b) The Champion gets going in characteristic fashion.

(c) The audacity of the man! (d) Probably Black was afraid to play KtxB because of 21 Q—B7ch, K—R3; 22 Q—Kt8 (threatening QxRP mate or Kt—B7ch), but then it would seem that Black could afford to play 22...QxKt; 23 PxQch, K—Kt3, threatening B—K3.

(e) If B—B4; 23 P—Kt4, KtxB; 24 PxBch, K—R4; 25 QxR, KtxR; 26 Q—B3ch.

Real Life on the Screen

By Maitland Davidson

Screen dramas of real ordinary life can be just as effective, if not more so, than the film in which ingenuity has been strained to its utmost to startle or shock us.



Emil Jannings (right) in "The Last Laugh," in which the hero is a hall-porter in a Berlin hotel.

WHILE film kings and their industrious retinues are straining every mental muscle to produce new and prodigious "effects," it is sometimes rather surprising and also instructive to observe how a comparatively quite simple little story with hardly a frill to its wardrobe can "get across" on the screen.

Violent crooks have all sorts of frightfully sanguinary fights with an ever-ready armament that runs from marlin-spikes to machine-guns. Appalling disasters are staged, from shipwrecks to railway crashes; circus artists come hurtling down into the midst of a horrified audience; hair-raising stunts are devised by land, water or air; now the spirit world is called in to aid, and now the magic of the East.

And in the meantime there emerges every now and then a film drama that calls on no such adventitious aids, that deals with the loves and hates, the tragedy and comedy of ordinary life as it is lived outside the rarefied air of the studio, and yet is not only convincing but, what is far more important, entertaining.

FIRST-RATE PRODUCTION.

OF course an affair of this kind needs really good accessories—by which word "good" I do not mean for a moment expensive, but skilfully, adroitly and thoughtfully selected and handled, with the art that conceals art rather than blares it forth, as in some of the more elaborate Ufa productions in which Pelion is piled on Ossa to the point of ossification. The photography and the acting must be impeccable, the settings unfailingly attractive in their own quiet way, and the action both smooth and rapid, as well as sufficiently ingenious to sustain interest.

An instance I have in mind is *A Knight in London*, a British picture made at Elstree for the Blattner Corporation, and privately shown the other night before a distinguished audience. There is nothing abnormal in the plot or that makes a call on the out-size credulity and swallowing powers which film audiences seem so often required to keep in stock.

IN THE WRONG BED.

A GIRL and her mother come to a London hotel. Tired mother goes straight to rest

in their double-bedded room; daughter elects to have a bath first, goes back to the wrong room and slips quietly into a vacant twin-bed exactly like her own, mistaking the reposeful form of the occupant for that of her mother. But the other occupant is a young man. With highly commendable delicacy he tiptoes forth, directly he grasps the situation, and camps out in the corridor, but first (having decided he would like to meet her again in less embarrassing circumstances) slips a ring of his own on to the sleeping girl's finger.

Having performed his knightly deed for the night, he naturally hopes for a sequel. But he had meant to leave next morning, so when he tries to keep the suite on he finds that it is already booked for a Russian Prince, and has to content himself with a single room elsewhere in the hotel. Meantime the maiden, after discovering her error and returning to her rightful couch, finds the ring on her finger and delivers it anonymously in the letter-box of the wrongful chamber.

THE LURE OF BEAUTY.

CATCHING her in the act and sensing possibilities, the bad bold young Russian manoeuvres an introduction and presses his suit. So does the knightly hero; and their rivalries provide the material for the rest of the story, which is not in the least startlingly original but so agreeably and naturally presented that both eye and mind are not only satisfied but gratified—not such a common combination even in the case of so-called super-films.

A GERMAN MASTERPIECE.

ANOTHER though very different, more simple and yet more elaborate example of what one might call the naturalistic method is *The Last Laugh*, the famous Jannings picture recently revived at that home of intelligent revivals, the Avenue Pavilion. Its hero is the hall-porter of a big Berlin hotel, and the sole issue is his loss of his job, with the subsequent enormous drop of prestige in deprivation of a uniform and a right to swagger, the *motif* being the precise converse of—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's a man for a' that.

I have always held and still hold that this is one of the few really great films in the world. Photography is wonderfully but quite legitimately employed to produce certain expressionistic effects—but apart from this the picture is an amazing one built up out of commonplace hotel scenes and scenes of mean streets.

Never, certainly, has Emil Jannings played a part more marvellously, but the outstanding feature of this film (without a single sub-title) is the way in which the most apparently pedestrian of topics has been sublimated to a great and moving drama.



In "A Knight in London" the "wrong bedroom" plays a prominent part. Henry Erskine (Robert Irvine) has a surprise on finding the next bed occupied by Aline (Lilian Harvey).

CORRESPONDENCE

The "Majestic" and "Leviathan."

In your issue of February 22nd you published a letter from Mr. Tarleton Winchester, director of the United States Lines, in which he puts forward arguments which would lead one to believe that the White Star liner *Majestic* is of less tonnage than the *Leviathan*, of the United States Lines.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Winchester can be ignorant of the true facts of the case, which are as follows:

The *Majestic* and *Leviathan* were both built in Germany, and were christened *Bismarck* and *Vaterland* respectively. When measured by German methods it was found that the *Bismarck* was 2,000 odd tons larger than the *Vaterland*.

The *Leviathan* was subsequently measured by American methods, and it is this measurement that appears in Lloyd's Register and on which tonnage dues are collected.

If the *Majestic* was measured under the same rules, her tonnage would be 61,206 tons—that is to say, more than 1,000 tons greater than the *Leviathan*. This matter of a few tons' difference in size is of little importance as regards the capabilities of the two vessels, but there can be no doubt the cry "the largest ship in the world" is being used as an incentive to the travelling public, and it is as well, therefore, that the facts should be known.—WILFRED J. D. ALLAN (*Ex-2nd Officer Mercantile Marine*).

The Rig of Masted Ships.

In your paper I noted recently with some interest the model of H.M.S. *Trafalgar*, as she appeared, possibly, about 1800. As one who has spent many years at sea as an officer and commander, and some considerable period of my sea service having been served in "masted" ships, I was most particularly struck by the rig of this model.

In H.M. Navy it was the vogue to rig ships of the line, and even smaller vessels, such as brigs, with single topsails, and I know of no instance where this practice has been departed from, except, of course, in merchant ships, the rig of the model mentioned being almost identical with merchant service clippers—i.e., double topsails, top gallant sails, Royals, and skysails.

It would be of great interest to know if other Navy ships were rigged likewise, whether they were British or foreign owned.—R. J. TONTER.

The Catholic Church.

Your correspondent, J. F. M., must read his Church History again. The "one Church founded by Christ" did not have "its seat in Rome in Apostolic times." The Bishop of Rome in those days was no more than any other Bishop. The Bishop of Rome became important only after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, and especially in the fourth century with the breaking up of the Roman Empire.

The great Eastern Catholic Church, with its seat at Constantinople, never acknowledged the Bishop of Rome.

Christianity was introduced into these islands in Apostolic times from quite other sources than Rome. Missionaries from the Holy Land came to Glastonbury and converted the Ancient Britons 500 years before Latin or Roman Christianity under St. Augustine was introduced.

The Church of England is of almost equal antiquity with the Church of Rome and came into existence quite independently of it. It is a part of the Universal Catholic Church just as the Roman Catholic Church is.

The Cathedrals were raised by the subscriptions of the British while their Church was in communion with the Church of Rome. At the Reformation they became again independent, as they had been before 597 A.D.—W. P. M.

The Church Controversy.

Canon Hannay's article, "Imposing D.O.R.A. on the Church," would be the more convincing if it had some foundation in history.

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

He assumes that his Church is Catholic—that is, one with the Church of Gregory and Augustine—yet at the same time independent of Rome. Very well. But the mediæval English Church was undoubtedly subject to the Pope. And the Mass and the Ordination of our Catholic forefathers are found to-day not in Westminster Abbey, but in Westminster Cathedral. So it is not altogether surprising if, in the mind of the ordinary Englishman, there lingers "the incurable suspicion that ecclesiastics are never quite straight"; indeed, even casual observers would be interested to learn by what peculiar process Arundel, for instance, when it continued to attend the Mass penalised by the Government, suddenly became a hot-bed of Popery, and at what precise date Philip Howard changed from a respectable member of the Catholic Church in England into a bigoted adherent of "Roman" Catholicism?

Or can it be that "Anglo-Catholics" have deceived themselves, and that the Church of England, notwithstanding the recent growth of Romanising practices and tendencies, is no more than the ghost of the Holy Catholic Church, seated precariously upon the spoils thereof?—G. MARCUS.

A Dictatorship of Brains.

Surely the advocacy, by a recent correspondent, of a "Dictatorship of Brains" strikes a discordant note in our democratic times. Have we not been struggling for an extension of the franchise, and now, with complete political equality of the sexes, we have achieved our goal. Would not a step in the direction of any form of dictatorship be a move back to autocracy?

Let us suppose for a moment that we are governed by such a "Dictatorship of Brains" as is suggested. Would the *vox populi* remain eternally silent and submit peaceably to every move of the dictators? Could such a government be expected to carry out all legislation without recourse to the country's sympathies?

No. I fear that England, home of the popular vote, would never tolerate the surrender of all form of political representation.—MARTIN WELLS.

Boys and Emigration.

May I give a few facts in connection with the correspondence on "Why Boys Won't Emigrate"?

In so far as the facts concern Australia, the case briefly is that there are unlimited openings in pastoral or agricultural pursuits for youths under 21. The prospects of obtaining adult employment throughout the Commonwealth are very bad.

The reason is not far to seek. Each state in the Commonwealth fixes a minimum or award wage, below which wage it is illegal to employ a man. The award wage for youths from the age of 15 to 21 increases yearly from about 15s. to 26s. 6d. per week. As soon as the youth becomes 21, the farmer or grazier must either pay him £2 4s. 8d. per week, or else dispose of him.

The result is obvious. The labouring capacity of a youth of 20 is not considerably less than that of a man of, say, 23. The employer, since he must pay a high wage, naturally prefers his adult labourers to be men of life-long experience of his branch of work. Therefore, even the Australian between the ages of 21 and 25 finds it almost impossible to obtain employment.

What chance has the unfortunate immigrant? If he has immigrated early, say, at 16, he has 5 years' experience, and thus has a better chance than one who immigrated at 18; but the number of English youths, many of them ex-public schoolboys, who are reduced to working as bar assistants in low-class Sydney public houses, as kitchen boys in various institutions, even having to pick a casual living by minding parked cars and existing on the

tips thereby gained, is appalling, and a disgrace to migration commissions.

Having entertained a Labour Policy for so long, Australia is a good place to work in, as long as one is actually in employment, but for the very same reason, it is a very hard place to find work once one is on the unemployed list.—A. L. L. (*Tiboo-burra, N.S.W.*)

Shipping and Safeguarding.

Mr. P. V. Olver states in your issue of February 22nd that if we import £250,000,000 less merchandise our shipping will "go to the dogs."

Using Mr. Olver's figures, we find the following position:—

Total Imports	..	£1,260,000,000
Total Exports	..	870,000,000

Total of Trade .. £2,130,000,000

This means that shipping earns carriage on the transportation of goods valued at £2,130,000,000 to and from this country.

How much of the £250,000,000 worth of manufactured goods which we ought not to import, is brought in British ships? To be on the safe side, I put it at 80 per cent., or £200,000,000. Thus shipping would still carry £1,930,000,000 worth of goods or nine-tenths of to-day's total.

This will not send the shipping companies "to the dogs" any more than England has gone there through the loss of 20 per cent. of her export trade. But the spending of this £260,000,000 in England would solve the unemployment problem. Mr. Olver would get his reduction in rates and taxes; 1,500,000 at present unemployed would go back to work at good wages; and England would be the most prosperous land in the world.

Let us get over this nonsense of Mr. Olver's "that if imports do not come in exports cannot go out." The difference between imports and exports either adds to or subtracts from national wealth. If we must spend abroad every penny we earn from our exports, we will invest any surplus in our colonies and help to build our great inheritance the British Empire.—G. F. MIDDLETON.

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Beet Sugar and its Future

By E. J. Brown

Although beet sugar has been successfully grown on the Continent for over a century, it has only recently been introduced into Britain as a commercial proposition. Some wonderful results have already been obtained and future prospects for the industry are rosy.



A sugar beet lifter at work. This machine simplifies manual labour in lifting the crops.

THE importance of the sugar beet industry in this country has increased greatly during the past few years. Its origin and history, however, are but little known by the general public, and as it has many aspects which closely affect all classes of the community, a brief account of these will probably be of interest.

White beet, or what is now known as sugar beet, is a root growing well in the ground. In habit of growth and colour it resembles a parsnip, but it really belongs to the mangold family. It was known to the Romans, nearly 2,000 years ago, as "a serviceable human and animal food with leaves as an accessory fodder."

THE FIRST SUGAR CRYSTALS.

IT was not, however, until 1747 that a German chemist succeeded in extracting sugar crystals from the beet, and in consequence of this a factory was erected at Breslau in 1799, the annual sugar output of which was six tons at 2s. 4d. per pound.

It next played some part in our history, for Napoleon, having studied the German methods of crop rotation, found that sugar beet grown alternately with corn had the effect of considerably increasing the latter crops. In 1811, therefore, in order to counter to some extent the British naval blockade, 80,000 acres were planted with sugar beet by the French. This acreage was doubled in 1812, and by the following year 334 factories were producing some 71,000 cwts. of sugar.

After the battle of Waterloo the industry in France declined, but a system of bounties was instituted by Germany and other countries, with the result that Continental production considerably increased, and export, mainly to this country, became established. The encouragement of exports was ended by the Brussels Convention of 1903, by which time the industry in Europe was firmly established.

Similar developments have taken place in Canada and the United States during the past forty years or so. In 1890 two-thirds of the world's sugar was produced from beet.

BRITISH DEVELOPMENTS.

SUGAR beet appears to have been first grown in this country in 1835, and a small factory was erected in Ireland in 1853. Subsequent to these dates no growing on any scale was attempted until 1909, when experiments were put in hand. Between 1912 and 1924 some half-a-dozen factories were started in various parts of the country, but it was not until the passing of the Beet Sugar (Subsidy) Act in 1925 that any serious steps were taken to put the industry on a business footing.

Immediately after the passing of the Act seventeen factories in Great Britain and in Ireland came into being. The acreage grown is shown by the following figures:—

	1928.	1927.	1925.
England and Wales ..	175,400	222,566	54,750
Scotland ..	3,500	7,500	—
Ireland..	15,000	15,000	(approx.)

A decline will be noticed in the crop of 1928 as compared with 1927, largely due to the continuous rains of the latter year, which prevented the proper preparation of the ground. Generally speaking, however,

growers are more satisfied with the 1928 crop.

There is still considerable dissatisfaction among growers as to future prospects, however, one of the principal difficulties of which is the question of tonnage. The average tonnage on the Continent is 12 tons per acre, while we only produce 8 tons. It is argued that the industry as a whole cannot become really profitable unless we can attain a further increase of 50 per cent.

It is possible that such an increase may be achieved gradually with a greater skill in the tilling of the soil, and in the use of artificial fertilisers. Continental growers have a hundred years' start of us in these two important particulars, and this period of culture has produced just the right fertility in their soil.

BRITISH VERSUS FOREIGN BEET.

THE sugar content of the beet grown in this country compares very favourably with that of the Continent, and our machinery is quite as good; in some instances it is better. We are inclined, however, to handle our crop too much between field and factory, and although both road and rail authorities have endeavoured to meet the requirements of the industry as regards haulage of the raw material, there is still too much double handling.

It will be necessary in the future to make up for the gradual disappearance of the subsidy by improved tonnage and more economical handling, but it must be remembered that the hand labour which is essential to the economy of production is much more plentiful and cheaper on the Continent than it is at home.

Some figures issued by the authorities of the Harper Adams College in respect to costings of the crops carried out by members of the staff show that it is possible to maintain the profits on the crop, even with a declining subsidy. Although the average crop is only eight tons to the acre, some growers have produced wonderful results in tonnage.



Filling the washing trench with sugar beet at a Norfolk factory.



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MOTORING SECTION

AUTO TAXATION

What are the intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with regard to the taxation of motor cars? He has a great opportunity to abolish the horse-power tax and introduce a petrol tax. Will he do it?

*By the
Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce*

FOR the past week or so the sole topic of conversation in motoring circles has been taxation, in relation to the shortly forthcoming Budget, and of course the complication of the unjustified—doubtless unjustifiable also—increase in the prices of all grades of motor fuel.

Briefly to recapitulate the suggestions put to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, not merely by the motoring organisations but by a large number of other transport authorities as well, these are:—The reduction of motor-car taxation by one-third; and the organisation of a comprehensive road scheme, to be paid for out of capital raised by State loans, instead of out of income as hitherto.

With an income from motor taxation, even under the suggested reduction, of some twenty-five millions, for the payment of interest and redemption of the loan, it can be understood that a capital sum commensurate with the magnitude of the nation's highway necessities can be contemplated. In any case, the Government is not asked to create a precedent in this matter, but merely to adopt the everyday business methods that have proved most practical in regard to private undertakings.

WHAT WILL THE CHANCELLOR DO?

IN all previous agitations for the reconsideration of motor taxation the unsupported motoring organisations have felt from the outset that they were embarked upon a losing fight, and possibly this personal conviction has unconsciously tinged the attitude of the representatives chosen to put the matter forward.

On this occasion, however, for the first time it is felt in responsible quarters that there is a reasonable hope of success. The scheme which is presented to Mr. Churchill has the advantage that, while it affords the relief to which motor vehicle owners are undoubtedly entitled, and provides the nation with the adequate highway facilities which it vitally needs, it simultaneously provides a partial solution of the unemployment problem, and—miraculously!—does not involve any loss to the Treasury.

This is what we are told by those who are entitled to speak, and no doubt the claims can be justified. This being so, there is indeed reason to hope that the matter may

be received favourably by the Chancellor. But in a very few weeks now we shall know the worst—or the best!

The fact of the matter is that, perhaps for the first time, even those who are not themselves active motorists realise that the question of motor taxation and good roads is one that directly affects the whole

employment is provided for those who make them, and those who make the roads upon which they travel. These truths are doubtless very obvious to those of us who are directly concerned with motoring, either professionally or even as mere private car owners, but they have lacked recognition by the rank and file of the voting strength of the country.



In Germany they have a lurid way of warning motorists of a level crossing. Strung across the road is a plague of an engine surmounted by a skull and cross-bones

nation. The roads are not required just to provide means for the enjoyment of a few rich people who can afford, and should be made, to pay for their pleasure. Further, even though this were so, the greater the number of motor-cars in use, the more

The greater the reduction in taxation, within reason—and motorists are not unreasonable, although they may not like to be treated unreasonably—the more cars will need to be made and the greater will be the national advantage.

Whatever may be the result of the immediate agitation in its effect upon the Budget which is nearly due, undoubtedly the time is ripe for general reorganisation of the whole complicated question; and if Mr. Churchill does not give us what we ask at the moment, it is extremely probable that the Government which finds itself in power after the election will also find itself pledged to schemes of road modernisation and unemployment reduction which will incidentally involve the matters more particularly of moment to motorists.

THE PETROL TAX.

THE position in regard to the petrol tax is not quite so clear. The principle of the greater equity of a tax on fuel rather than on an arbitrarily and quite inaccurately determined horse-power is recognised, and but for one unfortunate extraneous factor one would have been justified in some confidence that the present half measures would have become



Left behind. Our dog friend evidently is an enthusiastic motorist and pleads to be allowed to go for a run.

whole measures in this respect in the next Budget.

That interfering factor is the amazing decision, apparently at a moment's notice, of the petrol combine, which now includes even the Russian companies, to increase the price of their products. The announcement was made immediately the first signs of the agitation for reduced taxation began to appear in the daily Press, and had all the appearance of a deliberate move rather than a mere coincidence. Since the adoption of a petrol tax in complete abolition of the

to wait for the establishment of an independent source of supply upon which the nation could depend at least in time of crisis—a supply which could not be cut off by enemy success at sea. Only a great scheme for the home production of fuel, whether benzole, alcohol or some other spirit yet to be discovered, can achieve this vital end.

With regard to the question of a petrol tax, as distinct from a tax on power, price or weight, there can be no question as to its complete equity, but it is rather to be feared that many a motorist, in recognising the fairness of the principle that the more mileage a man covers the greater should be his contribution, fails to appreciate just what a petrol tax would mean to him.

For the average week-end motorist, who now pays precisely the same figure whether he covers a hundred miles a week or doesn't venture out on the roads at all, the advantage is obvious. But for those of us who use the car as a sole means of transport for business as well as pleasure, not only is no advantage gained, but the result is a seriously increased cost of running. It is just as well to recognise such points, although they cannot be allowed to affect advocacy of a scheme which is so blatantly reasonable and fair that the marvel is that any other basis of taxation should ever have been even considered.

HARDSHIP FOR THE SMALL MOTORIST.

FROM this larger point of view, the adoption of a petrol tax would have precisely the same effect as an actual reduction of taxation, in stimulating car sales; in fact, in the vast majority of cases it would constitute a reduction. One of the main difficulties of many would-be motorists is that the nature of their employment prevents the use of a car except for a single day a week, and, in favourable weather, an occasional evening run.

For this convenience they have to pay in taxation just as much as if they were using the car continually, and one must admit that the hardship is considerable, especially when it is remembered that insurance and possibly garage fees bring up the overheads to a figure which forms a serious proportion of a small income—and, incidentally, makes the cost per mile of motor ownership disproportionately heavy. Much of this difficulty would be eliminated by a petrol tax; and, therefore, it is to be hoped that the

ill-considered move of the petrol combine will not be allowed to affect the adoption of a measure which is none the less right because fuel prices have been raised.

TRYING OUT THE MORRIS SIX.

Engine		Six cylinders, 69 mm. bore and 110 mm. stroke; 2,486 c.c. Four bearing crankshaft; overhead valves and camshaft.
Tax		£18.
Clutch		Multi plate.
Gearbox		Three speeds, 4.77, 8.06 and 14.83 to 1; central control.
Suspension		Semi-elliptic all round, with Smith shock absorbers.
Ignition		Coil.
Carburetter		S.U.
Electric equipment		Lucas.
Price		Saloon, £375.

A TYPICAL example of the thoroughly up-to-date British type of car in which inexpensiveness is combined with a high degree of performance and refinement, the Morris Six, in conjunction with the little Minor, gives emphasis to the argument in favour of owning two such cars as these, in preference to a single larger and more expensive vehicle.

With a maximum speed performance in excess of a mile a minute, and a comfortable cruising speed of 50 m.p.h., the Six seems to fill all normal requirements for a car of this type. It is of good appearance, well finished internally, and has ample space, without crowding, for five passengers—a load, by the way, with which the engine is well capable of dealing. The flexibility of the engine performance is notable at low speeds on top gear; all the controls are light, and no more than pleasant evidence that the engine is willingly performing its task is audible at any pace.

The price is £375 for the saloon model, and, as the makers point out, this figure, plus the cost—£135—of a Minor saloon, about the average cost of an ordinary big car. When big car capabilities are required for family purposes, or for a long summer tour, the Six is available, while the nippy little Minor will perform, at almost insignificant running cost, all the ordinary running about.

Both models, it may be noted, are possessed of high efficiency types of engine, in spite of their moderate cost.



A new arrival in the ranks of London taxis. The Morris taxi-cab, which has made its appearance, is luxuriously appointed and has a speaking tube by which the voice of the passenger is amplified when giving the driver instructions.

horse-power tax would involve a still further increase in the price of fuel, even though the net result to the individual motorist were advantageous, a more unfortunate time for the petrol ring's announcement could not have been chosen.

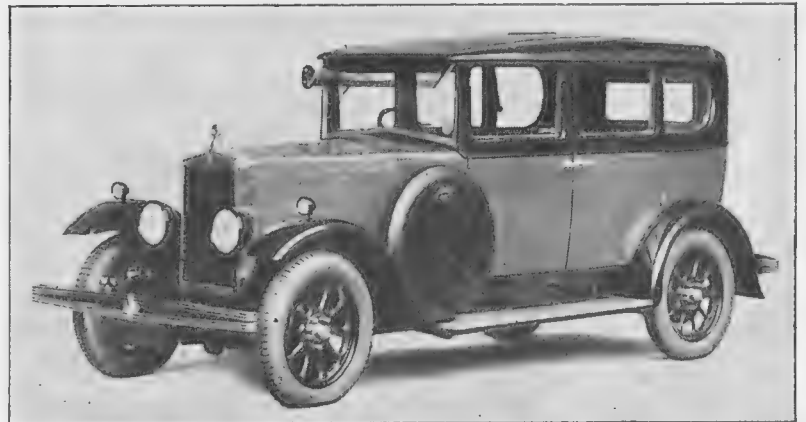
In fact, a principal argument in favour of the reduction of taxation is that the lower running costs will induce many people to buy cars who at present feel that they cannot afford them—with the several obvious items of national benefit which need not be restated. And the petrol companies promptly announce an increase which more or less neutralises the effect.

DANGERS OF THE RING.

AN even more unfortunate matter is the long existent fact, now emphasised, that Britain is dependent for her life's blood (and it is scarcely an exaggeration so to characterise motor spirit) upon a ring which is responsible to no one but its shareholders, and is necessarily devoid of either sympathy or patriotism.

Every feeble effort that is made to establish a supply independent of this ring eventually goes the way of all opposition to a powerful trust—it is bought out and absorbed. The ring can, without giving a reason, cause national disorganisation by an increase in price. On this occasion it exercised moderation, but there is nothing whatever to prevent it from increasing the price by as many hundreds per cent. as may suit its purpose.

Matters doubtless are not quite so black as this painted picture of possibilities. But it is a very serious position indeed for a nation to drift into, and one cannot help wondering how much longer we shall have



The Morris Six will accomplish over a mile a minute and a comfortable cruising speed of 50 m.p.h. The engine is remarkably flexible at low speeds.

Sports Section

No More *free* Racquets?

A question of considerable importance and interest to lawn tennis players is raised by the proposal to prohibit manufacturers from giving or selling at reduced rates racquets and other lawn tennis equipment.

AT a recent meeting of the sports manufacturers and retailers a resolution was passed asking the Lawn Tennis Association to prohibit amateur players, on pain of losing their status, from accepting their lawn tennis equipment free or at a reduced rate. If, therefore, the governing body do happen to take serious action, there is little doubt that many players of all ranks will be in danger of losing their jealously-guarded status.

It is, indeed, common knowledge that an increasing number of people are finding ways and means of obtaining their sports equipment, and particularly racquets, at considerably cheaper rates than the fixed retail ones; many players obtain their racquets free. This in the case of well-known players is perhaps understandable, but the excuse usually given is that such racquets are only being lent and have to be given back by the users at some future date.

CONSIDERABLE REDUCTIONS.

THERE is hardly a tournament player, even on the plus mark, who cannot obtain considerable reductions from one of the many agents who frequent the big meetings. This price-cutting habit, too, is spreading to other spheres where lawn tennis is played, and all the members of banks, the big business houses, local clubs and so forth are beginning to expect very special terms.

It is a curious state of affairs which seems to have no parallel in other walks of life. One would never think, for instance, of going to one's tailor or hatter and demanding trade terms. Yet lawn tennis players will do this every day when it comes to their racquets, and in some quarters their demands are met. Sooner or later, however, this sort of thing must come to an end.

"BLACKLEGS."

SOME say that the manufacturers' resolution is a confession of weakness, that it is indeed a pity if they cannot control their own

By F. GORDON
LOWE

prices. The "blacklegs," however, outside the ring make it impossible for them to do this; these people are always waiting for the slightest opportunity to undersell the legitimate traders.

Fresh regulations prohibiting them from accepting reductions would be a little hard on tournament players, who possibly use three or four a season. At the same time,

if some such rule does not come into force it will come harder still on the general public, who have to go on paying high prices partly because so many racquets are given away free. The hardest hit person of all is, of course, the sports retailer, because existing conditions take so many of his customers direct to the manufacturer.

A FAIR COMPROMISE.

AFAIR compromise, in my opinion, would be reached if reduction on racquets were only allowed to Wimbledon players, and if no outside person were allowed to enter the manufacturer's sanctum for the purpose of purchasing his sports gear.

Undoubtedly the L.T.A. are the proper body and the only one who are in a position to see this matter through with fairness to all sides. Whether they will is another matter! They stepped in very much to their credit against the sports trade over the tennis ball question. Perhaps they will take the opposite side over the racquets! In any case players need not be unduly worried, because nothing very drastic can be done until after the next general meeting, which lies many months ahead!

THE NEW LONDON CHAMPION.

IN looking back on the recent London Covered Courts Championships at Queen's, one's first thought is that this important meeting might with advantage take place later in the year. If, for instance, this tournament had been begun after the London-Paris match, which takes place at Dulwich next week, a more representative entry might have been obtained, and players would have had a chance of being in better trim.

It was odd how divided opinions were on the Olliff-Harris final. The majority seemed to think that the match was hardly up to previous finals—indeed I heard one authority express the opinion that P. M. Davson, a former champion, at his best could have given either players owe 15 and a beating.

There were a few, however, who were very pleased with it. I myself thought that, although the match produced few thrilling moments, there was some very sound tennis in it, especially on John Olliff's part. He is to be highly congratulated on securing this important title, and Harris also must be given a word of praise for securing second place.

Olliff is certainly a player of possibilities, though against the Frenchman next week he must be careful not to relax if he happens to win the first set! His service might be strengthened considerably by hitting the ball on a higher plane.

Mrs. Mitchell's exquisite style, even if it cannot always do so elsewhere, must find true expression on the perfect and uniform surface at Queen's, though Mrs. Strawson, against her in the final, revealed a great improvement on last year's form, especially on her backhand.



S. W. Harris, a rapidly improving player and the runner-up in the recent Covered Courts Championship of London.



Two finalists in the recent Covered Courts Championship of London. Mrs. Strawson (left) and Mrs. Mitchell; the winner.



International Lawn Tennis at Monte Carlo. Miss Betty Nuthall and Mrs. B. C. Covell (England), who won the Beaumont Cup by beating Mme. Mathieu and Mlle. S. Barbier (France).



Racing again. Cambridge University held their steeplechases at Cottenham when the Hunters' Challenge Cup was won by Lord Willoughby de Eresby on Prince Henry (farthest from the camera).



Some good performances were put up at Oxford University Sports. The final of the 120 yards High Hurdles was won by R. St. G. Harper (Charterhouse and Lincoln) by four feet, from W. G. Kalaugher (Victoria University, New Zealand, and Balliol) in 16½ secs. The second from the right is Harper.



Hurdling at Cambridge. A competitor gets off the mark well and takes the first flight in good style.



Instruction for the Cox. Bill East gives instruction to the Cambridge Cox, A. L. Sulley (Denstone and Selwyn) who steered Cambridge to victory last year.



The Hospitals "Rugger" Cup. King's College Hospital beat St. Mary's by 16 points to 5 at Richmond. A St. Mary's player makes a good tackle.

International Sport in Four Countries

Cricket in the An-
tipodes, and Football
and Hockey at Home



Jack Hobbs, who made a brilliant century last week, has a narrow escape when Blackie has a shot at his wicket.



English ladies beat Scottish ladies at hockey by four goals to one at Merton Abbey. The Scottish goal-keeper tries to save a rising ball.



Scottish men, however, had little difficulty in beating the Englishmen at Glasgow by three goals to none. It was Scotland's third win in 22 matches.



Ire. and failed to beat Wales at Belfast in the Rugby International and the championship remains in an open state. Each side scored five points, but on the run of the play Wales should have won.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

WHAT is the position of an investor who applies for shares in a new company and then changes his mind? Lately I have had several queries of this nature. In one case, my correspondent, after reading adverse press criticism of a new issue, promptly withdrew his application by registered letter.

The best course is to withdraw the application by telegram. Why? Because in order to be valid the notice of withdrawal must reach the company, or the financial house responsible for the issue, before the subscription lists close. When the lists are closed, and the allotments made, it is too late and the subscriber becomes liable for the unpaid instalments of the shares applied for.

It has to be remembered that the sponsors of a new issue generally reserve the right to close the subscription lists at any time. I have known instances, and many, too, where the lists have been closed within a couple of hours of opening, not because of over-subscription, but to prevent withdrawals of applications.

Having applied for shares under a prospectus you cannot repudiate your allotment just because you may have changed your mind. Only upon the ground of misrepresentation or suppression of essential facts in the prospectus has a person the right of rescission; but he must apply to the Court to have his name removed from the register of shareholders.

LIABILITY FOR CALLS.

SOME investors have got hold of the idea that the liability for calls on partly paid shares can be disposed of simply by allowing the shares to be forfeited. This, of course, is when the price of the shares has gone to a discount.

No; calls cannot be avoided in that manner. Even were the shares to be forfeited, the allottee could still be sued for the unpaid calls. And supposing the allottee sells the shares? The responsibility for the calls will remain in the event of the liquidation of the company taking place within a year of the sale of the shares.

It may interest you to learn that companies are not too ready to forfeit shares. When shares are forfeited they have to be re-issued, otherwise the forfeiture would be tantamount to a reduction of capital corre-

sponding to the amount of the shares so dealt with.

DISPOSING OF SHARES.

SHAREHOLDERS in a public company ordinarily have a right to transfer their shares when and to whom they please. But this right may be limited by the rules (articles of association) of their particular company. It is not uncommon to find that directors reserve the right to reject transfers to persons of whom they do not approve as being fit persons to be members of the company. In private companies some such restriction is necessary. Incidentally, the General Electric Company is about to create new shares which will not be transferable to any foreigner.

While on this subject, let me point out that a company cannot buy its own shares. To do so would be illegal, inasmuch as it would be, in effect, a reduction of capital corresponding to the nominal amount of the shares purchased. And it is not permissible to reduce capital without the sanction of the Court.

I mention this because a reader, who desired to dispose of some shares, in which no market existed, imagined he had a grievance because the company would not take the shares from him.

WHAT A COMPANY MUST DO.

LAST week I explained the relations between the directors and shareholders of a company in regard to the conduct of its affairs. When a company is formed its objects are set out in a memorandum of association, which empowers it to engage in certain trades and businesses. There is no limit to the variation,

and the average memorandum is so framed that a company can engage in a hundred and one different kinds of business. By the way, a memorandum of association and articles of association are two distinct documents.

Here are a few things a company can do and must not do. It must hold a general meeting once at least in every calendar year, otherwise the directors are liable to a heavy penalty. It must not hold the meeting more than fifteen months after the last preceding general meeting. Thus a company which held its annual meeting last month is bound to hold another similar meeting not later than May of next year.

Every shareholder is entitled to a notice of a general meeting. Usually seven days' notice is given. Failure to give notice to a member of the company can invalidate a meeting.

The directors of a company are bound, on the requisition of one or more holders of not less than one-tenth of the issued capital, forthwith to call an extraordinary general meeting of shareholders.

The payment of dividends on share capital is within the discretion of the directors; but inability to pay debts is a common ground for a petition to the Court for a winding-up order, and every shareholder has a statutory right of applying for such an order.

THE ART SILK INDUSTRY.

READING between the lines of the speech of the chairman of Courtaulds, delivered the other day at the annual meeting, I can only come to the conclusion that some of the smaller and newer artificial silk producers are in a desperate plight. Two and three years ago there was quite a spate of new artificial silk flotations, and it seemed to me

at the time that many of these concerns were insufficiently equipped with working capital.

What the industry is up against just now is excessive production. Mr. Courtauld frankly admitted so; but the established companies are not to blame. "Never before has the trade seen such weights of yarns offered at prices well below its true cost," he remarked.

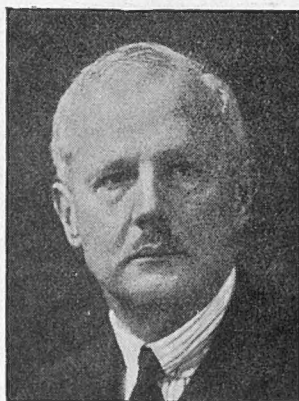
The inference is that many of the new producers have been so short of cash that they have had to throw their production on the market for what it would fetch. "These things need not have happened,"

observed Mr. Courtauld, "if the newcomers had not started so light-heartedly without sufficient resources either in capital or in experience."

COURTAULDS' FUTURE.

AS with rubber, as with coal, and, in fact, in any industry, price stability is essential if the growth of the business is to be promoted. If an excessive output cannot be absorbed at the old price level, and reductions become necessary, the cuts should be done with uniformity. Unfortunately, in the case of artificial silk, prices were cut last year in haphazard fashion and completely upset the market.

As Mr. Courtauld rightly pointed out, once prices have dropped it is a very difficult matter to raise them again. At present one can hardly see such a shortage in artificial silk yarn coming about as would make higher prices a possibility.



Lord Monkswell, who declares that the trouble with our railways is "arrested development" and directors without practical experience. Has written books on the French and the British railways. He was in the diplomatic service.



Sir Hugo Hirst, who was recently in Australia with the British Economic Mission, is chairman of the G.E.C., whose proposal to exclude American and non-British investors from holding the new shares has aroused comment.

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued).

The competitive strength of Courtaulds is greater than ever, thanks to its widely-flung ramifications. Although the reduction of 15 per cent. in selling prices cuts a big slice from the margin of profit, the company should be able to counteract the effect upon dividend by the increased volume of business now anticipated.

It is the future of the newer companies that is more likely to give rise to anxiety, and I doubt much whether some of them will be able to continue their existence as independent units on the basis of the reduced yarn prices.

TREND OF MARKETS.

THESE are quiet times on the Stock Exchange. I anticipate that the prevailing slackness will continue well over Easter. And then? The uncertainty of the monetary outlook and the coming General Election will probably keep things in check for a time. I am not at all hopeful of a speculative revival during the next two or three months. The financial stage is not set for such.

At the moment all the steam is out of markets and the speculative spirit is simply *non est*. The boom in Industrials is finished—over for good. I may as well say it now: The public are done with cheap gramophone record and other shilling shares. My considered opinion is that most of these shares will depreciate rather than improve in price.

There is no lack of capital for investment, and the flood of new issues is expected to go on until Easter. Then a lull. In the meantime investors are neglecting the established securities. The monetary unsettlement, due to the extraordinarily high rates in New York for short loans, tends to foster the fear that a further rise in our Bank Rate may become necessary.

And so the price of investment securities, which normally is governed by Bank Rate considerations, tends to ease off slightly. Five per cent. War loan, with three and a half months' interest accrued in the price, can now be bought around 101½, whereas at the end of December last, with only one month's interest included, the quotation was 15s. higher. War loan is cheap.

HOME RAILS.

THE annual reports and the speeches of the chairmen of the different companies, beyond creating a better atmosphere, have done nothing to restore public confidence in Home Railway stocks as investments for the future. Investors are so used to judging the prosperity of the railways by the weekly traffic receipts that it would be hopeless to foreshadow any earlier improvement in the quotations of the various stocks until earnings definitely improve.

In the meanwhile, without the stimulus of buying orders quotations cannot be expected to appreciate to any extent. I quite realise that under present conditions the careful investor hesitates to invest a few

hundreds in home railway stocks. But I have not altered my views on the outlook, and I am still confident that in good time the railways will be on a better paying basis. The prospective investor in Home rails requires patience and money.

THE GRAMOPHONE-WIRELESS DEAL.

I AM wondering whether the acquisition of the Marconiphone Company (which makes wireless apparatus) is the preliminary to a big international gramophone-wireless combine. At any rate, the present step extends the activities of the H.M.V. Company to the wireless broadcasting industry.

It may not be generally known that the H.M.V. is closely associated with the Victor Talking Machine, which, in turn, is controlled by the Radio Corporation of America. The latter some years ago acquired the American Marconi undertaking.

The situation has possibilities, and I am not disposed to advise holders to sell Gramophone (H.M.V.) shares at this juncture. In any case, I am looking forward to a share bonus.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to enquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresh House, Strand, London.

shares at 17s. 6d. to a purchase of the ordinary; they look relatively cheaper. While I believe that the African and Eastern's prospects are now distinctly brighter, at least a year must elapse before the advantages of the merger can accrue.

Recently I was asked whether I considered International Tea Stores 5s. ordinary shares a good purchase at 30s. My answer was that I regarded them as a good share, but thought the price high enough. I see they are back to 28s. 9d. In some quarters it is doubted now whether the year's dividend will be raised to 30 per cent., the rate hoped for by the market. On the basis of that distribution the shares at 30s. would only return 6 per cent. Personally, I should not pay a stiff premium in order to get 6 per cent. on my

money.

Maypole Dairy 2s. deferred shares stand at 6s. I hear that the price is likely to improve further, and that a larger dividend is anticipated.

Salt Union shares have gone flat on the report. With salt itself 5s. a ton lower than a year ago it is difficult to know what advice to offer holders who bought the shares higher up on the idea that Imperial Chemical Industries would take over the concern at a good figure. I do not recommend realising when markets are so dull.

Tobacco shares are all off colour. This is their usual condition after the dividends. As there is nothing more to go for at the moment speculators are giving them a rest. They'll pick up later.

FOR THE INVESTOR AND THE OFFICE LIBRARY.

INVESTORS who wish to learn something about the intricacies of stock and share dealing and the risks attendant upon Stock Exchange speculation would do well to secure a copy of *Money Making in Stocks and Shares*, by Sydney A. Moseley. A new edition has just been published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons at 7s. 6d. net. Mr. Moseley, who avoids all technical phrases and writes in an entertaining style, sets out his experience as a seeker after quick wealth. He was quickly disillusioned. His book is full of wise suggestions and sound advice. The pitfalls that beset the path of the novice and the obstacles that even the experienced must encounter are pointed out.

The latest edition of *Sell's Registered Telegraphic Addresses* is now out. For the office reference library it is, of course, indispensable, containing as it does upwards of 100,000 telegraphic addresses. Several new features appear in the 1929 edition, such as a complete list of stockbrokers.



New York Stock Exchange. The monetary situation in America continues to be a great factor of uncertainty. The Federal Reserve Board authorities, who control America's bank rates, apparently are determined in their efforts to prevent further diversion of the credits of Federal Reserve banks into Wall Street speculation. They take the view that the steady advance in money rates, owing to excessive speculation, will have severe consequences upon trade and industry.

OTHER INDUSTRIALS.

IN other directions the tendency of Industrials is to ease off on the absence of buyers. Even African and Eastern Trade shares, which were rushed up to over 20s. on news of the coming amalgamation with the Niger Company, now controlled by Lever Brothers, have come back again. I should prefer the 6 p.c. "B" preference

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued).

Gold Mining

on the RAND

Profits and Dividends of the Chief Mines for the Year 1928

ONE might conclude naturally that, after 42 years of vigorous development and exploitation, the vitality of the Transvaal gold mining industry was weakening. Far from it, the Rand goldfield does not appear definitely to have reached its zenith yet. I should imagine, however, that it is almost there. But with the younger and rich mines of the Far Eastern section of the Rand taking the place of the old mines as they close down through exhaustion there should be many years of a vigorous adolescence for the Rand.

To me the marvellous feature of the Rand has been the manner in which the production of gold has expanded during the last few years, in face of the insecurity of the native labour supply. The 1927 output was considered to be something wonderful, in view of the enormous quantity of gold extracted since the commencement of serious gold mining there.

Prior to 1927 something like 200 million ounces of gold had been obtained from the Rand, representing about £900,000,000. All previous yearly records were eclipsed by last year's production of 10,358,596 fine ounces valued at 43½ million sterling. This was £1,117,900 above the 1927 results.

DIVIDEND ABSENTEES.

ONE striking feature of the dividend list is the non-appearance this time of famous mines like the City Deep, the Meyer and Charlton and Simmer and Jack. The former has encountered those difficulties not inseparable from mining, and has been forced to suspend dividends—temporarily, I hope. The continued absence, too, from the dividend lists of the East Rand Proprietary Mine, the largest low-grade property on the Rand, indicates the costliness of gold production.

There are more non-dividend paying mines

on the Rand than many people imagine. The half-yearly dividend lists of June and December last reveal fully fifteen absentees, which previously had declared dividends. The winning of gold is not always a source of profit to the shareholders of even a rich gold mine. Experience has shown that frequently more money in the shape of working costs and development expenditure goes into a mine than the quantity of gold that is extracted therefrom.

CONTINUED PROSPERITY.

MINING experts assert that the dozen or so producers on the Far Eastern part of the field have infused fresh life into the Rand goldfield. Its middle age promises to be a period of continued prosperity for the industry and I feel confident that the Rand for many years to come will maintain the world's supremacy as a gold producer.

Despite the richness of the Rand the really big dividend-paying mines can be counted on the fingers. The number of Transvaal gold mines, which paid dividends in respect of the year 1928, is only 22. Of this number 13 of the mines are in the Far Eastern section. Obviously, these are the most profitable producers.

I am indebted to the *South African Mining Review* of Johannesburg for the following detailed results of last year's working of the mines on the Rand. A. G. WALSH.

			Working Revenue.		Costs.	Estimated Working Profits.		Capital as at 31-12-28	Total Dividends Declared	
	Tons Milled.	Gold Yield Ounces.	£	per ton. s. d.	per ton. s. d.	£	per ton. s. d.	£	p.c.	£
Brakpan Mns. ..	1,016,500	387,560	1,641,193	32 3	19 10	631,793	12 5	1,020,000	48½	497,250
City Deep ..	1,027,000	306,034	1,301,735	25 4	27 9	*123,989	*2 5	1,295,000	—	—
Cons. Main Rf. ..	718,900	274,109	1,164,918	32 5	25 10	235,493	6 7	1,247,602	11½	136,388
Crown Mns. ..	2,611,000	853,734	3,632,277	27 10	20 5	967,283	7 5	940,106	55	507,684
Durban R. Dp. ..	468,100	159,484	677,943	29 0	28 2	18,999	0 10	440,270	—	—
East Rand Prop. ..	1,685,700	440,848	1,875,731	22 3	21 2	94,246	1 1	1,500,000	—	—
Ferreira Dp. ..	399,800	80,767	343,691	17 2	14 5	55,529	2 9	980,000	—	—
Geduld Prop. ..	979,000	305,980	1,311,628	26 10	16 8	497,829	10 2	1,328,052	33½	448,217
Geldenhuis Dp. ..	774,500	163,888	718,368	18 6	18 3	10,566	0 3	585,753	2½	14,167
Govt. Areas ..	2,383,500	1,080,121	4,665,133	39 2	16 7	2,687,750	22 7	1,400,000	90	1,260,000
Langlaagte Est. ..	969,000	303,132	1,303,574	26 11	20 10	293,974	6 1	1,519,833	15	227,975
Luipaardsvlei ..	244,200	63,207	266,017	21 9	19 11	22,718	1 10	224,280	—	—
Meyer & Chltn. ..	202,700	53,413	228,085	22 6	20 8	18,617	1 10	200,000	—	—
Modder B. ..	830,000	312,653	1,336,397	32 2	18 3	577,592	13 11	700,000	80	560,000
Modder Deep ..	530,300	280,246	1,194,680	45 1	15 10	775,327	29 3	500,000	135	675,000
Modder East ..	744,500	232,575	989,460	26 7	20 10	214,372	5 9	926,955	18½	169,762
New Kleinfntn. ..	612,900	139,261	592,710	19 4	19 2	5,217	0 2	1,151,540	—	—
New Modder ..	1,662,000	898,552	3,833,944	46 1	18 8	2,279,581	27 5	1,400,000	140	1,960,000
New Primrose										
Jan./June ..	61,700	15,794	68,584	22 3	22 2	98	0 1	325,000	—	—
New S. Areas ..	908,000	381,021	1,638,429	36 1	21 1	682,930	15 0	1,514,037	12½	189,255
Nourse Mines ..	720,200	213,271	907,156	25 2	23 5	63,649	1 9	827,821	5	39,183
Randfontein Ests. ..	2,500,000	567,707	2,444,556	19 7	17 5	268,032	2 2	4,063,553	—	—
Robinson Dp. ..	918,400	254,033	1,077,523	23 6	19 8	174,808	3 10	906,807	†	75,000
Rose Deep ..	663,400	137,970	587,227	17 8	16 10	28,322	0 10	700,000	2½	16,575
Simmer & Jack ..	898,200	216,774	919,003	20 6	19 1	63,453	1 5	625,000	—	—
Springs Mines ..	830,600	403,869	1,711,930	41 3	20 10	846,258	20 5	1,500,000	33½	506,250
Van Ryn Est. ..	464,800	116,993	502,073	21 7	18 5	74,544	3 2	500,000	5	25,000
Van Ryn Dp. ..	759,000	300,366	1,291,184	34 0	19 4	555,988	14 8	1,196,892	40	478,757
Village Deep ..	659,500	181,369	770,607	23 4	22 3	37,508	1 1	1,060,671	2½	25,003
West Rand Cons. ..	643,000	163,558	701,590	21 10	19 4	80,906	2 6	2,014,712	—	—
West Springs ..	647,300	211,181	894,837	27 8	19 9	257,005	7 11	1,793,000	8½	156,888
Witwatersrand ..	630,000	132,476	583,191	18 6	17 6	30,379	1 0	469,625	2½	11,741
W'W'Rand Dp. ..	525,300	122,952	520,904	19 10	19 7	7,650	0 3	550,000	—	—
Wolhuter ..	356,100	80,800	343,591	19 4	18 11	7,291	0 5	860,000	—	—
Miscellaneous ..	—	66,490	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals Witwatersrand	30,045,100	9,907,188	42,039,869	28 0	19 9	12,441,718	8 3	—	—	7,980,095
Sub Nigel ..	282,400	263,535	1,117,009	79 1	40 3	549,007	28 10	750,000	60	450,000
Glynn's ..	76,900	25,076	106,254	27 8	25 10	7,046	1 10	170,000	—	—
Trans G.M. Ests. ..	194,354	64,441	274,158	28 3	24 11	32,429	3 4	604,225	5	28,598
Miscellaneous ..	—	98,356	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals Outside Districts	553,654	451,408	1,497,421	54 1	32 10	588,482	21 3	—	—	478,598
Totals Transvaal ..	30,598,754	10,358,596	43,537,290	28 5	19 11	13,030,200	8 6	—	—	8,458,693
			* Loss.		† 3s. per share on "A" shares.					

* Loss.

† 3s. per share on "A" shares.